

1923

The Norm, 1923

Oregon Normal School

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.wou.edu/thenorm>

Recommended Citation

Oregon Normal School, "The Norm, 1923" (1923). *The Norm: 1911 - 1939*. 27.
<https://digitalcommons.wou.edu/thenorm/27>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Yearbooks at Digital Commons@WOU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Norm: 1911 - 1939 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons@WOU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@wou.edu.



The
Norm

1923

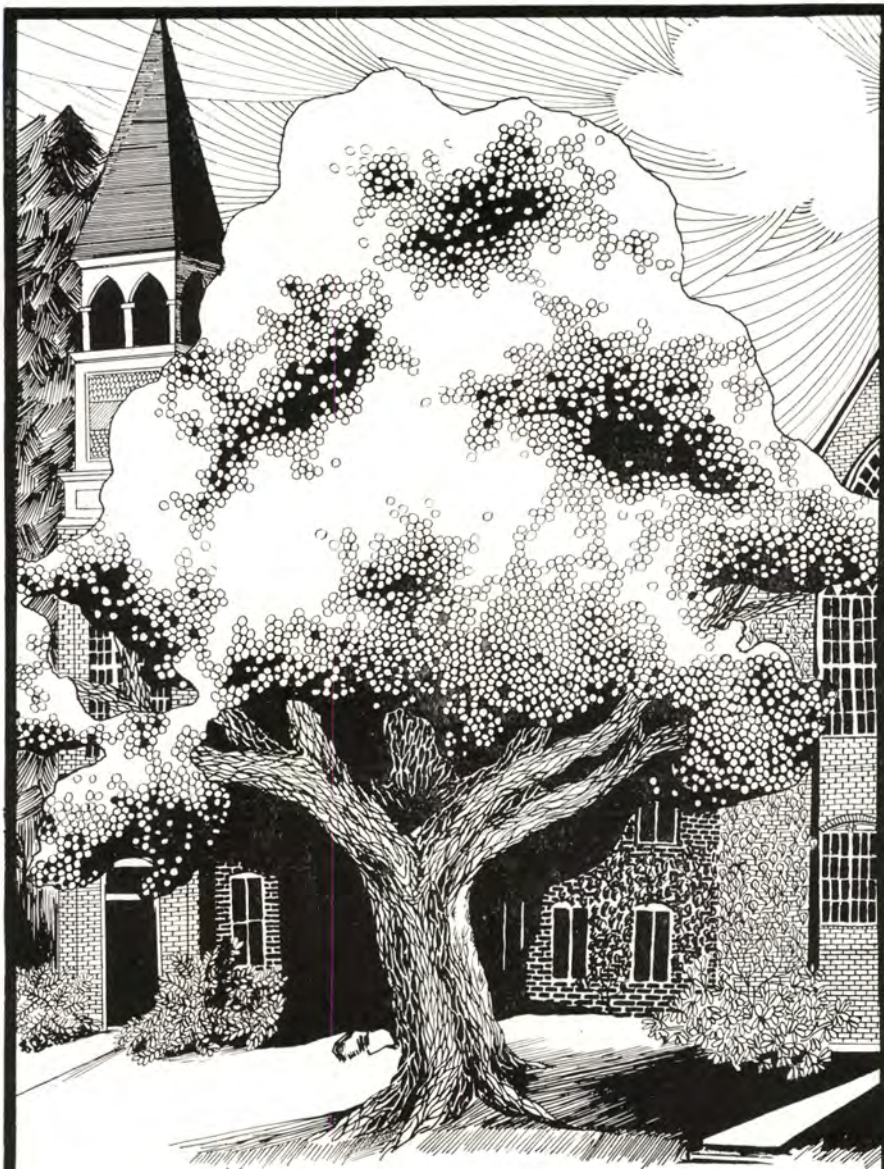
Norm Staff

Elsa V. Egans.....	Editor-in-Chief
Flemming D. Oleman.....	Assistant Editor
Herbert Evans	Business Manager
Maude M. Allen.....	Assistant Business Manager

Departments

Margaret Anderson	Literary
Inez Clark.....	Senior Class
Freda Hammel.....	Junior Class
Marjorie Brown	Administration
Nell Ingram	Organization
Isa Upson	Society
Everett Evans	Athletic
Ruth Nixon	Alumni
Thelma Eiler	Art
Helen Michaelson	Music
Margaret Plock	Humor
Alethea Kidby	Rural
Elmer Halstead	Memoriam

Plates by Hicks-Chatten Engraving Co.
 Portland, Oregon
 Printed by Koke-Tiffany Co.
 Eugene, Oregon



THE NORM

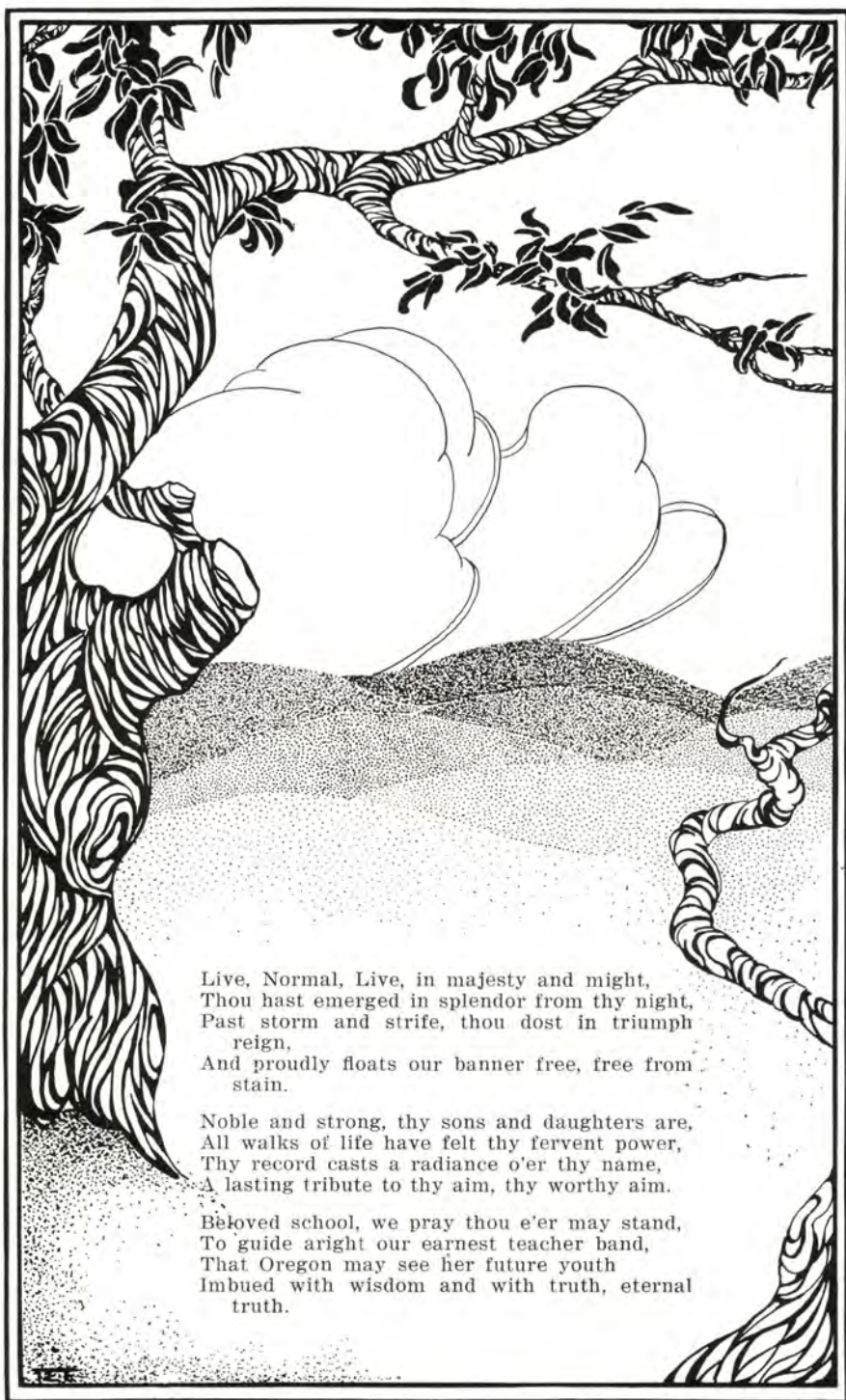
Z.B.



In grateful recognition of an instructor whose inspiring personality,
untiring courtesy, and keenness of intellect have pronounced
him the ideal of many, the friend of all; to one whose
efforts have been for many years a decisive factor
in the progress of our school and of the
entire state — to

J. B. V. Butler

this volume of the "Norm"
is dedicated



Live, Normal, Live, in majesty and might,
Thou hast emerged in splendor from thy night,
Past storm and strife, thou dost in triumph
reign,
And proudly floats our banner free, free from
stain.

Noble and strong, thy sons and daughters are,
All walks of life have felt thy fervent power,
Thy record casts a radiance o'er thy name,
A lasting tribute to thy aim, thy worthy aim.

Beloved school, we pray thou e'er may stand,
To guide aright our earnest teacher band,
That Oregon may see her future youth
Imbued with wisdom and with truth, eternal
truth.

In Memoriam



GEORGE K. MacADOO

We know of few whose death has made a deeper impression upon us than that of Geo. K. MacAdoo. His strength of character, his fine qualities for leadership, his love for things intellectual, and his unusual ability as a student make his going a marked loss to the school, to the class of '23, and to all who knew him.

*You who garnered in your youthful years,
Those truths so rare to us of lesser strength,
Who thought of matters rich in weight and length,
Who knew in life's tempestuous voyage no fears,
Because you dared and fearless spoke the right,
And in the end as fearless met your fate;
You, who carved imprints in hearts not to abate,
Within our memories your soul has set a light.*

MRS. CATHERINE NORRIE

Mrs. Catherine Norrie, who so tragically left us early in the year, holds a place deep in our memories. She was born in England. Although she lived in America after her marriage, she never really became a citizen of this country. Coupled with her remarkable cheerfulness, her pleasure in overcoming adverse situations will always make her memory a source of vivid inspiration to her classmates of '22.





A Message to Students

You have come into the world of action in trying times. Men and nations are refusing to learn the fundamental lessons of life as revealed in history. Ignorance, selfishness, spiritual unrest, national distrust, disrespect for law, exist to a deplorable degree. Truth and righteousness have lost none of their potency, but they need to be presented with new enthusiasm, clarity, and power. A great responsibility rests upon education. Clear vision, straight thinking, just dealing, and willing service need to be incorporated into men's relations everywhere. Only far-seeing education that elicits the deepest springs of human life will avail.

In adopting teaching as a profession you have allied yourselves with the great constructive, creative forces of the universe. May the responsibility you have assumed persuade you each to dedicate yourselves whole-heartedly to effective service, applying all the means at your command toward the solution of the grave problems confronting the world, and to making real our national visions of democracy, justice, efficiency, integrity, and happiness.

J. S. Landers



Jessica S. Todd

DEAN OF WOMEN

Through her earnestness and sincerity she has placed herself in the hearts of all. The splendid business management of the dormitory has resulted because of her supervision. Ever ready to advise and to aid, her unselfish sacrifices have enabled unnumbered students to enjoy and appreciate their Normal School education.

Contents

Feature Section	13
Administration	21
History	21
Regents	36
Faculty	38
Senior Class	49
Junior Class	83
Organizations	113
Literary	132
Alumni	149
Appreciation	150
Society	153
Music	158
School Notes	160
Songs	166
May Day	177
Athletics	178
Squirrel Food	184





THE Administration building, with its many gables, its tall bell tower, its ivy-covered brick walls, and its tall, many-paned windows, is exceptionally picturesque as it sits among its "guards"—the huge maples and firs. The large rock which lies beneath the spreading maple is a rare specimen and was transplanted here from a hill a short distance from Monmouth where it was deposited by an iceberg when this valley was an inland sea.





APPROACHING the campus from the south one is greeted first by the friendly overhanging boughs of maples. Beyond these the majestic firs rise in all their splendor. They lend an atmosphere to the school that nothing but Nature herself can furnish.

When enjoying their beauty and companionship one must not forget to give due credit to the people who in some past time had the foresight to see the note of dignity that these trees would give to the campus.





A PORTION of the yearly appropriation fund of the Oregon Normal School is set aside for the expense of the library, situated in the north end of the Administration building. It is rich in books of reference and encyclopaedias. It contains ample store of history, autobiography, books of political economy, fiction, newspapers and magazines. There is also an elementary school Model Library, always complete—new books being added as they are placed on the state list.





THE Oregon Normal School provides a modern and well-equipped building where the ability of every graduate of the Oregon Normal to cope with problems of school-room life is tested thoroughly.

Here are built better boys and girls and better teachers, for into their lives is stamped the motto, "He who dares to teach must never cease to learn."





DURING the Spring and Summer terms no spot on the campus is so popular as the rustic seat encircling the fir tree by "the cool shady court in the grove." Here the loiterers may sit, between classes and after school, to talk and watch the spirited tennis games in progress on the courts.





THE dormitory offers a warm welcome as one enters its spacious halls. In the living room, the wonderful blue of the Chinese rug contrasts harmoniously with the buff walls and dark fireplace.

The gallery and music room are other distinctive features. The console tables, the mirrors, and seats charm most distinguished guests. (Their color and harmony of arrangement will be a permanent inspiration.)

Outside, the gay window boxes, beautiful friendship garden, and hedge of Caroline Testout roses add the finishing touches to one of the most attractive dormitories on the coast.





THE Arch is as a crossroad where the traveler upon the educational highway pauses to consider and choose.

To the east is the dim hallway of the "Ad" building wherein knowledge is gained and character moulded. To the west stands the shrine of physical strength and beauty; the north spells comfort and home, and far off, the eye is drawn irresistibly to drink in the beauty of meadow and rolling hills.





THE path through the grove is conducive to soliloquy. Tall, stately trees, monarchs of the campus, call one's thoughts to the heights. There are heights of fame, heights of love and self-abnegation, and—best of all—heights of selflessness, when we live to serve. All love the path through the grove!





History

Oregon Normal School had its beginnings in the religious ideals of pioneers in this part of the Willamette Valley (1854). Christian College, the fulfillment of their labors and generous contributions, was marked by denominationalism. The curriculum included the line of classics, advanced mathematics, and fine arts. Degrees were conferred.

The first president of the college was T. F. Campbell. He was a scholar, broad in views, experienced. During his administration a firm basis was laid for the future. The college was supported by donations of land and money and by endowment.

President Campbell was succeeded by D. T. Stanley. Through his effort the school was guided through the period of transition. Merging of the college with what was to become Oregon Normal School took place because rapid growth demanded further funds. The school was turned over to an incorporated association. It assumed and paid all obligations, passing it to the state free of debt (1891).

P. L. Campbell, graduate of Christian College and also of Harvard, and E. D. Ressler, now Dean of Education at O. A. C., as presidents gave their best to the school.

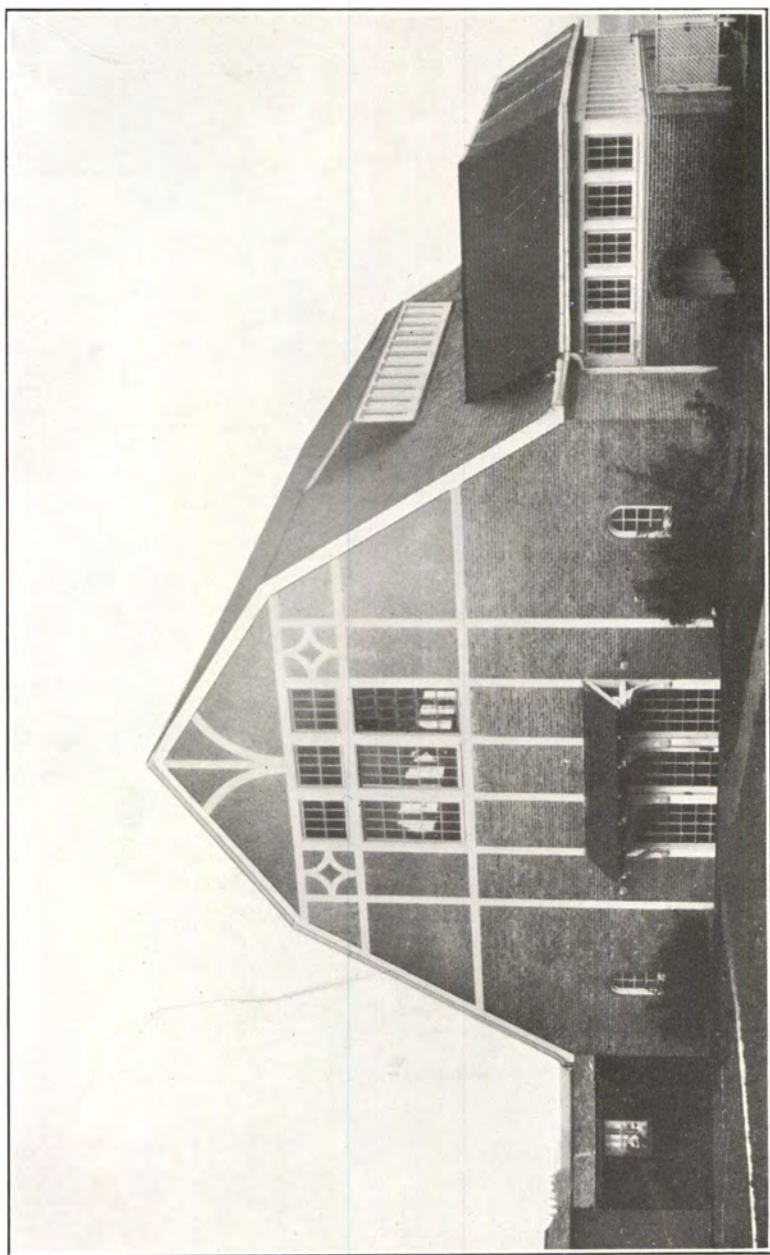
The late J. H. Ackerman's work is indeed well known. His knowledge of educational affairs; his work as Superintendent of Public Instruction of Oregon resulted in a uniform course of study, eighth grade examinations, state library law, compulsory school law, and minimum six months', and later, eight months', term. He is remembered as one who lived for his work.

In the fall of 1919 he was succeeded by our beloved president, J. S. Landers. His success is due to skillful executive ability, unusual knowledge of his work, sympathy, and exceptional tact.

The first mighty step in this administration was the securing of a \$20,000 appropriation from the legislature. Since 1921 the enrollment of Oregon Normal has more than doubled, hence the pressing need was for a larger faculty. The other needs, such as dormitory, training schools, additional rural centers, will be met in time in the interest of the children of Oregon, for the people of Oregon, student-body, and the administration of the school are co-operating for a greater O. N. S.—a greater Oregon.



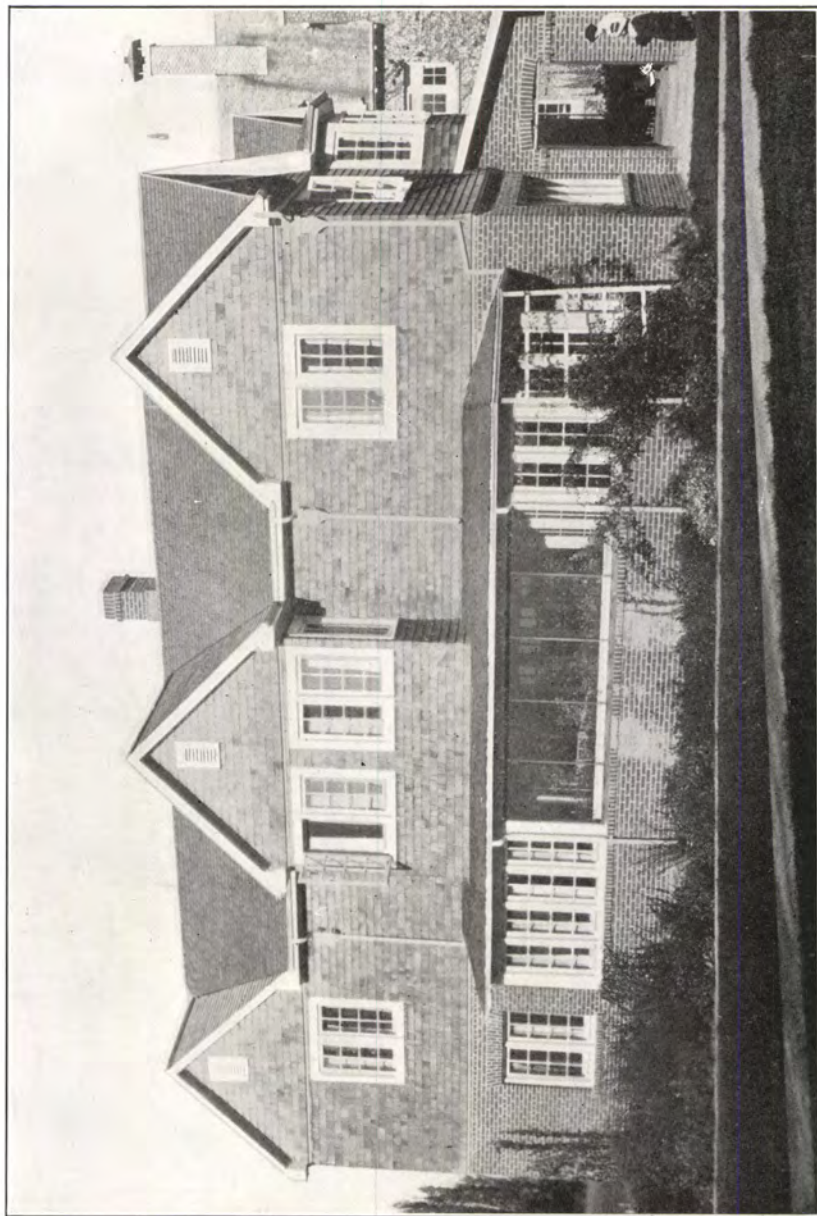
ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



GYMNASIUM



DORMITORY



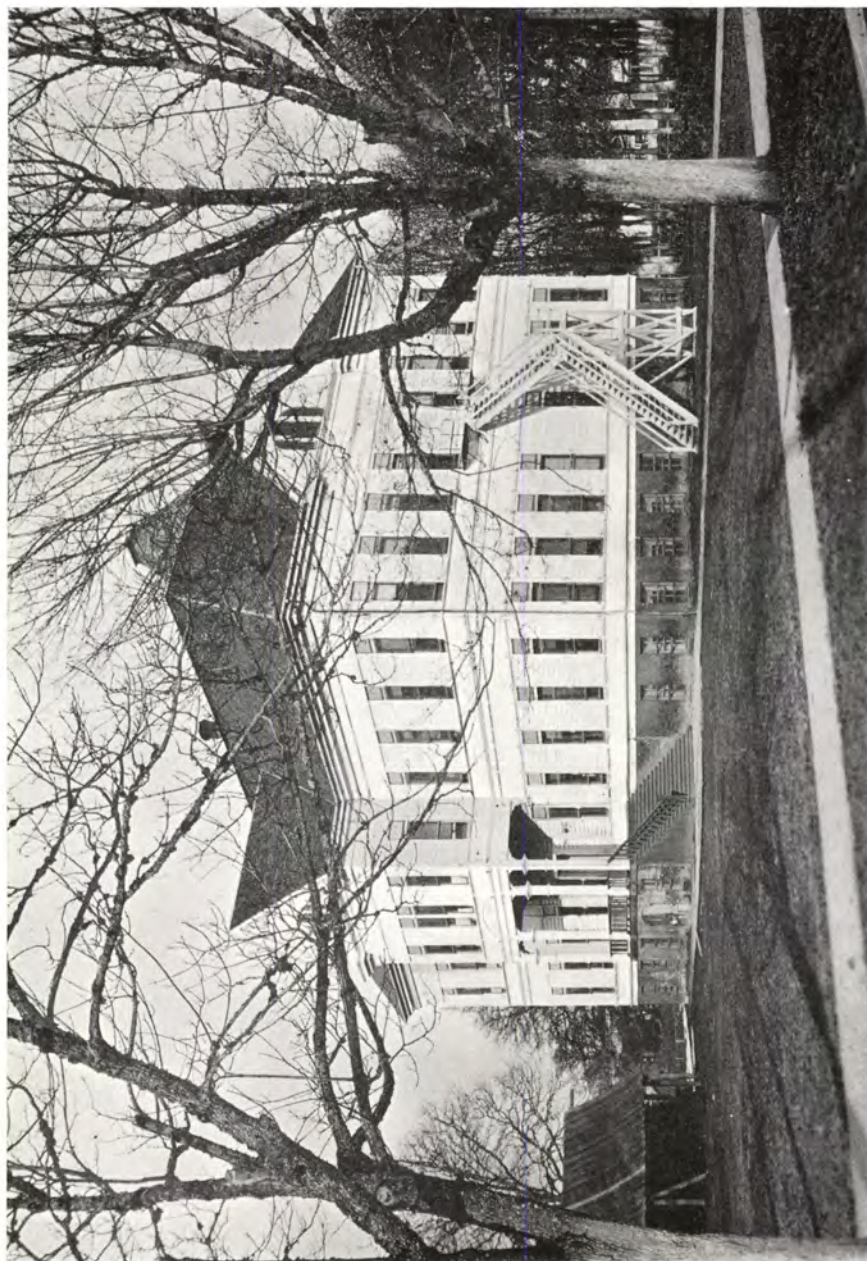
SENIOR COTTAGE



JUNIOR HOUSE



MONMOUTH TRAINING SCHOOL



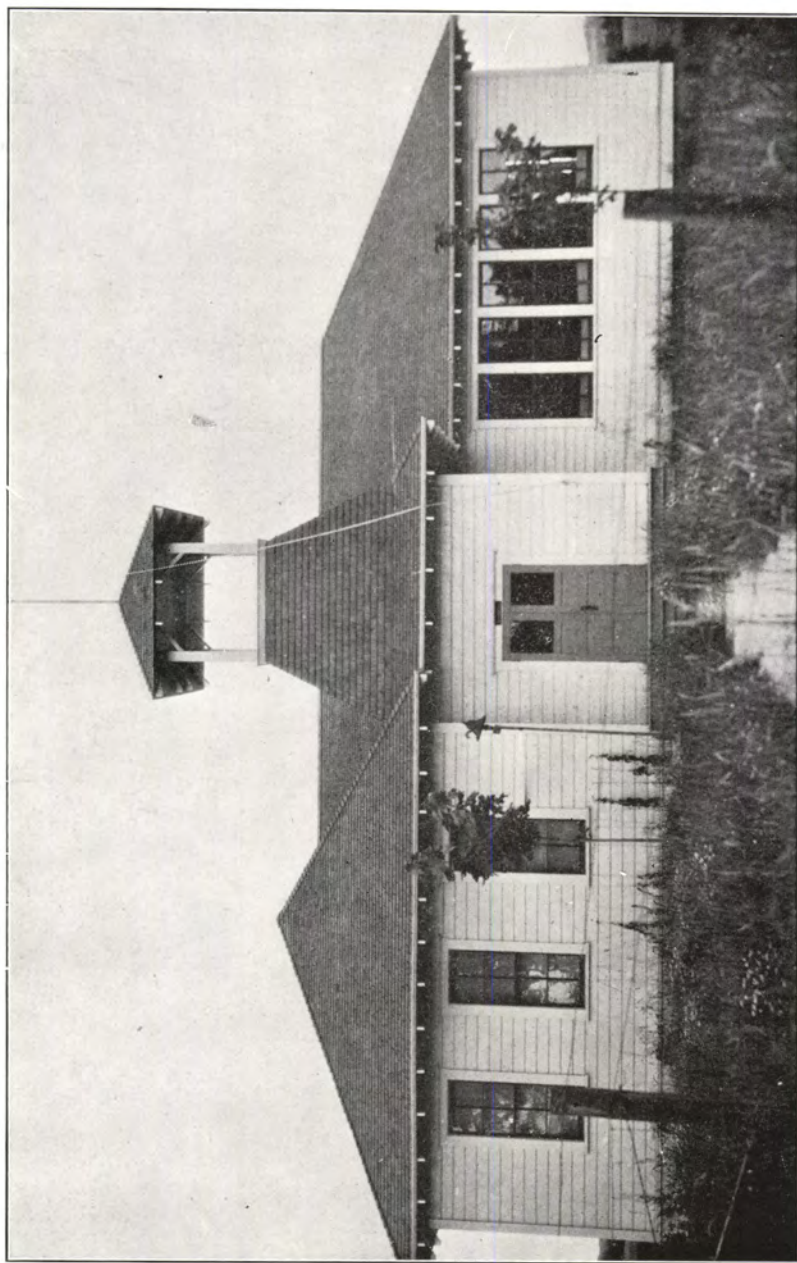
INDEPENDENCE TRAINING SCHOOL



MOUNTAIN VIEW RURAL CENTER



RICKREALL RURAL CENTER



ELKINS RURAL CENTER



* EOLA RURAL CENTER



OAK POINT RURAL CENTER

Training Schools

The Normal School in 1917 arranged with the rural schools of Elkins and Oak Point in Polk County, and Mountain View in Benton County, to become rural training schools for students of the Normal. In 1921 Eola, and in the fall of 1922, Rickreall, became rural centers for this purpose.

Mountain View and Rickreall are two-teacher schools, while each of the others has but one teacher. These teachers are the critics of all practice teaching in their respective schools.

The first arrangement or plan of this work was to have student teachers work in the training school for a period of three weeks. One student began teaching the first Monday in the year and every Monday thereafter a new student commenced his training work, each student returning to regular class work in the Normal after three weeks in the rural center. However, with the growth of the Normal, new needs arose, one of which was a change in the plan of rural training. In the fall of 1921 a very satisfactory arrangement was instigated and as it was carried out proved much more practicable to all concerned in rural work. Now students go to the training school for periods of six weeks in groups of four or more.

Nothing is left undone on the part of the critics, or the Normal School proper, through Mr. W. G. Beattie (head of all rural work), to encourage each student to prove his worth as a teacher and a true citizen of the United States. The student leaves his rural training with a practical working knowledge with which to meet the problems of the teacher of today.

ELKINS

Have you ever caught the community spirit of Elkins? When school or neighborhood needs arise they are met courageously and effectively. Much new equipment has just been added to the school. That spirit is evidenced by an active rural Sunday School and a live Farmers' Union. This same attitude appears in the kindness and co-operation which have ever been shown the student teachers. One of the best homes of the center is opened as a boarding place. Comforts and conveniences are provided,—a place where the personality of a real home is ever present to inspire those whose work takes them there.

EOLA

Eola, too, believes in "doing things"! A more beautiful little spot on Oregon landscape is hard to find. Nearby are gentle, rolling hills of Polk County; at a distance flows the beautiful Willamette River. It is a place for the teacher to inculcate nature-appreciation along with everyday subject matter. Here, too, we find excellent community interest. This was demonstrated recently by the way in which the whole neighborhood turned out to witness a mock trial which was staged by the children on visiting day. Here we find the student teachers doing housekeeping in a private home.

MOUNTAIN VIEW

Mountain View, also, is a place which attracts our attention. Full of life and enthusiasm are the families of this community. To suggest the spirit of that particular feature of the center we might say, "Mountain View once, Mountain View forever!" Does the proximity of Mountain View to Corvallis have anything to do with it?

OAK POINT

Looking for a unique, and at the same time, enterprising center, one may visit Oak Point. Mrs. Collins, the efficient critic, is to the school and to the student teachers, a true mother in the real sense of the word. This is the school for projects. Everything done reflects practicability for the pupils. The children manage a truck garden and poultry farm, the proceeds of which pay for the hot lunch they serve every day at school. The living conditions are cosy and satisfactory in every way. Oak Point is a model worthy of emulation.

RICKREALL

Last but far from least, we arrive at Rickreall. We find a modern three-room schoolhouse, one room of which belongs to the high school. The rooms are equipped with every convenience, even electric lights. There is an airy basement which serves as a model playroom for the pupils in inclement weather.

Student teachers are boarded in a private home. The girls say they never imagined a place could be so comfortable and so carefully arranged for their convenience. Even though being a training center is such a new thing to the people of the community, they have taken the student teachers into their hearts. Rickreall, Oregon Normal is looking to you!

Practice Teachers (Sept.-June)

ELKINS

Critic, Florence Enschede

Baker, Melba	Gray, Aletha	Lawrence, Dolly	Potter, Floy
Boye, Laura	Hansen, Carla	Martin, Hazel	Peterson, Hildur
Enstrom, Ellen	Henry, Florence	Masten, Rita	Scott, Ernel
Felton, Velma	Huggerth, Wilda	Maxwell, Helen	Straus, Elsie
Fenwick, Ethel	Jobes, Helen	Neilson, Viola	Strode, Blanche
Fenwick, Alice T.	Larson, Madeline	Paul, Gladys	

EOLA

Critic, Florence Beardsley

Barret, Ruth	Hillstrom, Myrtle	McCabe, Norma	Seeley, Vida
Cochran, Norma	Hinman, Dorothy	Parvin, Dorothy	Smart, Eliza
Cooke, Olive	Hunt, Lily May	Pettit, Ruth	Tiedeman, Lela
Gardiner, Iona	Krause, Pearl	Pennington, Gladys	Tiedeman, Leta
Hatton, Bessie	Kleckner, Orpha	Price, Charlotte	
Harper, Beulah	Latourette, Jeanette	Sampels, Lexie	

MOUNTAIN VIEW

Critics, Mrs. Inez Miller, Mary Donaldson

Archibald, Elda	Ellis, Velma	Hinkle, Eleise	Rogers, Pauline
Blevins, Alvilda	Elliot, Ruth	Hodgen, Anona	Ross, Glenda
Blair, Elvira	Ferris, Bernice	Hubbel, Lenora O.	Sandwich, Galena
Carrigan, Chrystal	Foster, Emily	Hurd, Hyla	Satterlee, Neva
Cecil, Verma	Fowler, Audrey	Johans, Dena	Smith, Theo.
Cole, Beatrice	Frey, Dorothy	Krieg, Ruth	Smith, Lucy
Curry, Alice	Gillette, Emma	Long, Abbie	Stockton, Susanne
Dilly, Lucile	Graap, Daisy	Mahaffy, Susan	Sutherland, Catherine
Deming, Joan	Gross, Ethel	Mayfield, Elsie	Thompson, Dora
Drinkhard, Velma	Gross, May	Meisinger, Bearl	Tubbesing, Elfrieda
Dugger, Attie Mae	Hays, Fern	Mueller, Hattie	Wheeler, Thelma
Dye, Mamie L.	Henderson, Ruth	Odeane, Nannie	Ziniker, Edna
Ellis, Rita	Henry, Ella	Olson, Elvira	

OAK POINT

Critic, Mrs. Gertrude F. Collins

Anderson, Mabel	Hendrickson, Grace	Netter, Lottie	Smith, Dorothy
Bishop, Vera	Knox, Katherine	Nitzel, Rose E.	Snyder, Elizabeth
Convill, Elsie	Littreal, Ardra	Noble, Mrs. Olga	Spencer, Jean
Finley, Reva	Mortenson,	Porter, Alice	Wagner, Lily
Furney, Eleanor	Marguerite	Rewey, Mrs. Alva	Watkins, Beatrice
Hendricks, Anna	Mortimore, Evelyn	Schuelke, Ida	Yoder, Albert

RICKREALL

Critics, Mrs. Ethel Miller, Oma Emmons

Alexander	Fillpot, Zilpha	Masher, Mrs. Mabel	Talbot, Marie
Barnett, Mabel	Folsom, Sara	McAllister, Clara	Tallman, Margaret
Blue, Majel	Hadley, Ethel	Miles, Mertie	Townsend,
Brown, Rayma	Hadley, Gertrude	Patrick, Nida	Mrs. Winifred
Brown, Ruth	Hammond, Josephine	Payton, Mabel	Tremayne, Gladys
Busick, Dorothy	Hayes, Elma	Pope, Edna	Wallace, Juanita
Collard, Alice	Holmes, Mrs. Bernice	Rasche, Clara	Webber, Rosa
Conner, Hazel	Horton, Mae	Robinson, Hazel G.	Wiens, Margaret
Derrick, Rose	Jackson, Anna	Sass, Margaret	Wilson, Leota
Doggett, Frances	Koppang, Thelma	Sharp, Nona	Yordy, Iva
Eaton, Alice	Kraus, Eva E.	Speer, Irma	
Elliot, Golda	Lamson, Florence	Swanson, Beatrice	

MONMOUTH

First and Second Grades (Ida Mae Smith, critic)

Ayers, Vina	Deford, Beryl	Hixon, Barbara	Rush, Nellie
Baldwin, Mrs. Elsie	Douglas, Cora	Johnson, Elizabeth	Simpson, Mabel
Bock, Agnes	Dunlop, Marion	Johnson, Velma	Thomas, Eva
Burgoyne, May	Evans, Vera Vee	Knapp, Marjorie	Vail, Pearl
Coleman, Edith	Goodrich, Goldie	McMurtry, Mary	Ward, Fay
Coulter, Olive	Green, Mabel Ray	Mitzner, Ida	Wright, Mrs. Ethel
Cronk, Vina	Hankins, Lela	Orr, Elizabeth	

Third and Fourth Grades (Catherine Gentle, critic)

Allen, Mary	Christie, Agnes	Mueller, Martha	Williams, Mary
Bond, Mona	Detmering, Sophia	Peterson, Alice	Williamson,
Brown, Gladys	Lewis, Anna	Puddy, Hallie	Mrs. Kathryn
Buckingham, Zella	Meserve, Louise	Rice, Katherine	Willis, Ruth

Fifth and Sixth Grades (Mrs. Mamie Rychard, critic)

Canning, Alice	Hembree, Althea	Lamb, LaVerne	Phister, Herma
Christiansen, Lydia	Irvin, Jessie	McAdoo, Mrs. Mary	Say, Claire
Court, Frances	Kerr, Florence	Muir, Estella	Thompson, Mary
Cox, Frances	Kidby, Alethea E.	Nicholson, Romaine	Weaver, Clare

Seventh and Eighth Grades (Alice McIntosh, critic)

Allen, Maude	Gallop, Anna May	Randolph, Nellie	Swett, Ralph
Bell, Burton	Hattan, Melba	Reed, Lela	
Evans, Everett	Kaup, Leonard	Rush, William	
Edwards, Neal	Logsdon, Vivian	Swenson, Eric	

INDEPENDENCE

First Grade (Clayton Burrow, critic)

Best, Merle	Galloway, Lavina	McConnell, Miriam	Trader, Margaret
Chandler, Margueriette N.	Gulovsen, Helen	Morley, Hazel	Wadsworth, Agnes
Evans, Reta	Haven, Mrs. N.	Ridgeway, Inez	Wilde, Jessie M.
Fiske, Lora	Hendrickson, Anne	Snedaker, Florence	Williams, Ruth
	Jorgensen, Emma	Tabke, Lillian	

Second Grade (Emma Henkle, critic)

Arrington, Mrs. Ella Mae	Cline, La Verna	Jones, Helen	Osen, Hazel
Benson, Mary Ellen	Cole, Vida	McKnight, Mildred	Reeves, Amanda Gail
Brown, Marjorie	Faulconer, Alda	McMurtry, Mary	Sailer, Lydia
Clark, Mrs. Thelma	Heller, Clara	Michaelson, Helen	Voris, Mary E.
	Houston, Elvira	Nelson, Lillian	Westerfield, Mildred

Third Grade (Bertha Hays, critic)

Busick, Margaret	Groat, Emma	Mehring, Agnes	Wight, Ruth
Dewar, Mildred	Hukari, Lempi	Partridge, Beth	Wilson, Muriel
Glanz, Helen B.	Kendall, Mrs. M.	Robinson, Bernice	
Gossett, Edna	Kinney, Ruth	Sloop, Flora	
Gronholm, Helen	McCrary, Mary Ellen	Thompson, Florence	

Fourth Grade (Emily De Vore, critic)

Anderson, Pearl	Jenkins, Marian	Olson, Laura	Tiedeman, Veva
Branstator, Hilda	Leinenweber, Louise	Otto, Eleanor	Walker, Echo
Carter, Lucile	Meadows, Thelma	Porter, Mabel	
Coleman, Louise	Moreland, Effie	Sandstrom, Esther	
Howard, Mary	Morgan, Lola	Templeton, Crystal	

Fifth Grade (Grace Parker, critic)

Armstrong, Odelia	Cox, Elma	Lackey, Tressie	Peterson, Katherine
Bennett, Edith	Groot, Cressie	La Spronce, Muriel	Portwood, Eleanor
Berg, Stella	Gross, Mrs. W. H.	Lawson, Margaret	Shirley, Mary
Christensen, Bessie	Ingram, Nell	Mayfield, Elsie	Upson, Isa

Sixth Grade (Kate L. Houx, critic)

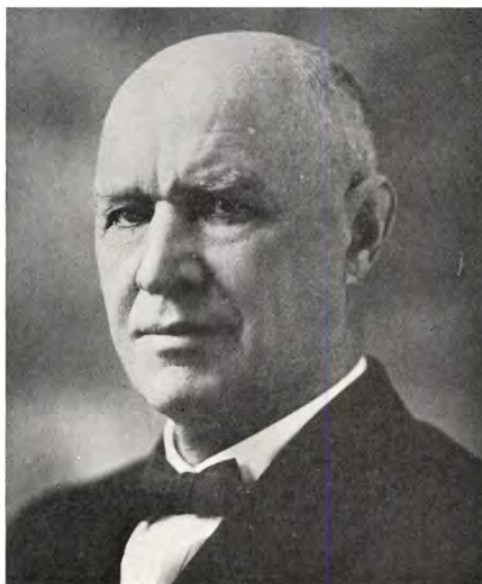
Barnum, Marion	Lamer, Mabel	Mortimore, Olive	Stephens, Mildred
Bennette, Minnie	Larson, Martha	Murphy, Agnes	
Berry, Carolyn	McCornack, Helen	Purdy, Ruth	
Kreuder, Louise	McDevitt, Margaret	Skinner, Kathleen	

Seventh Grade (Mrs. W. A. Barnum, critic)

Berg, Agnes	Cole, Mary	Nixon, Ruth	Treat, Geneva
Boyer, Walter N.	Evans, Bert	Ross, Mildred	Wievesiek, Clara
Burcham, J. O.	Gentle, Maurice	Spangenberg, Doris	Woodman, Emily

Eighth Grade (Katherine Arbuthnot, critic)

Brown, Agnes	Haines, Gladys	Oestreich, Zella	Rose, Saul
Grahorn, Fred	Lord, Francis	Oleman, F. D.	Vaughan, F. A.
Gunn, Jane	Loucks, Hazel Mae	Powell, Minerva	



GOV. WALTER M. PIERCE

REGENTS EX OFFICIO

Hon. Walter M. Pierce, Governor.....	Salem
Hon. Sam A. Kozer, Secretary of State.....	Salem
Hon. J. A. Churchill, Superintendent of Public Instruction.....	Salem

REGENTS BY APPOINTMENT

Hon. G. A. Hartman	Pendleton
Term expires July 1, 1923	
Hon. John S. Coke	Marshfield
Term expires July 1, 1924	
Hon. E. E. Bragg.....	La Grande
Term expires July 1, 1925	
Hon. Frank J. Miller	Albany
Term expires July 1, 1926	
Hon. C. L. Starr	Portland
Term expires July 1, 1927	
Hon. W. C. Bryant	Moro
Term expires July 1, 1928	

OFFICERS OF ADMINISTRATION

J. S. Landers	President
Carlton Savage	Financial Secretary
Bertha Brainerd	Registrar
J. B. V. Butler.....	Dean of Men
Jessica S. Todd.....	Dean of Women
Maude R. Macpherson	Librarian

COMMITTEES

EXECUTIVE

Walter M. Pierce	J. A. Churchill	Sam A. Kozar
------------------	-----------------	--------------

FINANCE

C. L. Starr	John S. Coke	Walter M. Pierce
-------------	--------------	------------------

TEACHERS

J. A. Churchill	W. C. Bryant	Frank J. Miller
-----------------	--------------	-----------------

LIBRARIES

Frank J. Miller	Sam A. Kozar	E. E. Bragg
-----------------	--------------	-------------

CURRICULUM

W. C. Bryant	John S. Coke	E. E. Bragg
--------------	--------------	-------------

BUILDINGS

Frank J. Miller	C. L. Starr	Sam A. Kozar
-----------------	-------------	--------------



H. C. OSTEIN
Mathematics Department



J. B. V. BUTLER
History Department



THOMAS H. GENTLE
Head of Department of Education



WILLIAM HOPPES
Education Department



EDNA MINGUS
Head of English Department



MARTHA DARRAH
Public Speaking Department



LAURA TAYLOR
Head of Physical Education Dept.



VIVIAN CHANDLER
Physical Education Department



HOMER DODDS
Science Department



LOUISE SYP
Commercial Department



W. G. BEATTIE
Head of Rural Department



LA VELLE WOOD
Home Economics Department



ALABAMA BRENTON
Head of Art Department



AGNES CAMPBELL
Art Department



HELEN MOORE
Head of Music Department



JENNIE PETERSON
Music Department



MAUD MACPHERSON
Librarian



BEATRICE HOTCHKISS
Assistant to Dean



BERTHA BRAINERD
Registrar



HAZEL MCGILCHRIST
Assistant Registrar



CARLTON SAVAGE
Secretary to President



ALICE McINTOSH
*Principal and Critic Seventh, Eighth
Grade, Monmouth*



MRS. M. RYCHARD
*Critic Fifth, Sixth Grade,
Monmouth*



CATHERINE GENTLE
Critic Third, Fourth Grade, Monmouth



IDA MAE SMITH
Critic First, Second Grade, Monmouth



KATHERINE ARBUTHNOT
*Principal and Eighth Grade Critic
Independence*



MRS. W. A. BARNUM
*Critic Seventh Grade
Independence*



KATE HOUX
Critic Sixth Grade, Independence



GRACE PARKER
Critic Fifth Grade, Independence



BERTHA HAYS
Critic Fourth Grade, Independence



EMILY DE VORE
Critic Third Grade, Independence



EMMA HENKLE
Critic Second Grade, Independence



CLAYTON BURROW
Critic First Grade, Independence



GERTRUDE F. COLLINS
Critic Oak Point Rural Center



FLORENCE ENCHEDÉ
Critic Elkins Rural Center



MRS. INEZ MILLER
Critic Mountain View Rural Center



MARY DONALDSON
Critic Mountain View Rural Center



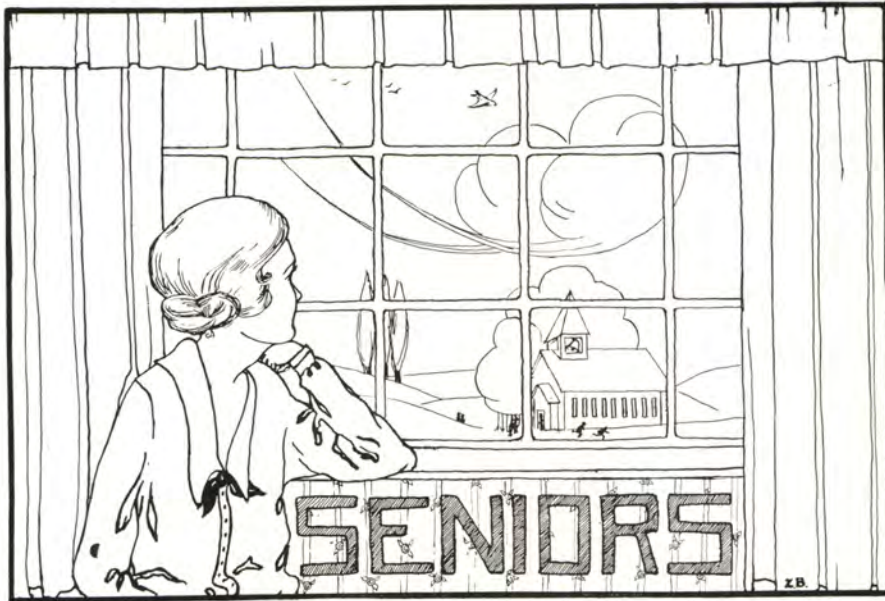
FLORENCE BEARDSLEY
Critic Eola Rural Center



MRS. ETHEL MILLER
Critic Rickreall Rural Center



OMA EMMONS
Critic Rickreall Rural Center



SENIOR CLASS CALENDAR

1921

- Oct. 5—Organization and election of officers.
- Oct. 13—We choose our motto, "Strive be Alive"; our class colors, green and white; and our flower, La France Rose.
- Oct. 14—Junior Mixer held in the gymnasium.
- Oct. 18—Class colors displayed in Chapel.
- Nov. 2—Subscription raised for Near East Relief.
- Nov. 2—Junior girls' offer to furnish music for Junior Dance accepted.
- Dec. 7—We boost our basketball team with a peppy "Chapel Stunt."

1922

- Jan. 12—Booth Tarkington's "Clarence" chosen for our Class Play.
- Feb. 2—Song leader elected.
- Feb. 7—Delegates elected to the Annual Oratorical Contest.
- Feb. 25—Our Class Play a big success.
- Mar. 8—Song contest held. Everybody interested.
- May 4—All aboard for Junior Week End. Ding! Dong!
- May 5—We win the President's Trophy.
- June 10—Junior days ended with "Junior Promenade."
- Oct. 5—We organize as Seniors.
- Oct. 11—Senior Class Officers elected.
- Nov. 13—Song leader elected, and campaign for new class songs launched.
- Nov. 22—Senior Mixer held in the gymnasium.
- Dec. 6—Norm call for Senior pictures meets enthusiastic response.
- Dec. 21—Class announcements chosen.
- Dec. 22—Mid-year graduates honored in special Chapel.

1923

- Jan. 16—Design for class rings and pins chosen.
- Jan. 20—We trip the light fantastic at a Senior Dance.

- Feb. 6—Plans for Baccalaureate Sermon made.
 Feb. 8—We elect delegates to the Annual Oratorical Contest.
 Feb. 8—The "Ways and Means" Committee of State Legislature is entertained.
 Feb. 8—Senior girls win basketball series.
 Mar. 10—"Erin" apparent at Senior Dance.
 June 9—President's Breakfast.
 June 10—Baccalaureate Sermon.
 June 11—Class Play.
 June 12—Last Chapel for '23's Seniors.
 June 13—Commencement.

Strive be alive

"SPRINGTIME"

By C. R. MOORE

When the spring comes romping through the sunlit trees,
 And frolics down the waking valley,
 The grass leaps up to meet the warming breeze
 And flowers line the woodland alley.
 All the world with Green and White, our colors, glows;
 Our hearts gay songs the while are singing.
 We thrill to the beauty of our sweet La France rose,
 To the message that Nature is bringing.

"Strive; be alive, Twenty-three!
 Shake off the wintry lethargy!
 The prescription for living is: 'Do, do, do.'
 So don't think of quitting until you're really through.
 See that you're starting aright;
 Then go, go, go, with all your might.
 For the world moves on ahead;
 It won't turn back instead.
 So strive; be alive, Twenty-three!"

When the sleepy winter holds the world enchained,
 It's Nature's time for watchful waiting.
 She's stopped to rest; she's not by death restrained,
 The heart of her is still pulsating.
 With the spring she bursts apart obstructing ties,
 Our grand old world again renewing;
 She stays not for boasting, nor in fond regret sighs;
 Always doing but never reviewing.

CLASS FLOWER
 LA FRANCE ROSE

CLASS COLORS
 WHITE AND GREEN

THE FIRST, LAST AND ONLY WILL AND TESTAMENT
1923 CLASS
OREGON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Hark ye! One and all! that:

We, the Class of 1923, do hereby, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred twenty-three, having been thoroughly examined and a physician's seal attached thereto declaring our sound and durable mind, declare, in the presence of witnesses, of friends, and foes, this to be our one and only Last Will and Testament in the following procedure and configuration, to-wit:

ARTICLE I

Section 1. We, the merry and mighty class of 1923, do hereby solemnly bequeath our utmost thanks and appreciation for the kindly leadership, counselling, and friendship dcnored us by our gratefully recognized President, friend and advisor, J. S. Landers.

Section 2. We, together and simultaneously, do bequeath unto our faculty our most high appreciation of their finely cultivated art of modeling teachers from responsive and otherwise students. May you use our appreciation in mixing the ingredients for our highly respected younger brother, Class of 1924, who has profited much in his contact with us—the now deceased of 1923.

Section 3. We, the Senior Class, leave unto our once co-sufferers, the student body, the vacant chapel seats our lamented absence will cause. May they be used by our followers in a way that will not disturb any speaker's peace of mind.

ARTICLE II

Section 1. We do most solemnly bequeath our sincere gratitude to Miss Mingus, our advisor, for her gently produced suggestions through heavy parliamentary concussions.

Section 2. We do will to Mr. Butler our sincere thanks for fatherly attitude during battery of class meetings.

Section 3. We do most righteously bequeath unto Miss Moore and Miss Peterson an emptiness of heart we feel at our promised decease, which is hopefully hoped will be used to emphasize the loss of our voice in chapel.

ARTICLE III

Section 1. We, the officers of the class, as one body, do hereby faithfully, being in somewhat sound mind, bequeath our most highly-radioed dignity to the forthcoming officers of 1924.

Section 2. We, the austere and commanding members of the Student Council, being of somewhat soundless, noiseless, and otherwise-less mind, do leave our jurisdictive ability to our inferior Junior Council Brothers.

ARTICLE IV

The following individuals, after being confirmed as having sane and whole minds, do most uprightly make the following concessions:

I, Francis Lord, being a thoroughly self-satisfied young man, leave, first and foremost, my most diplomatic manner in steering June "twenty-three-ers" through argumentive class meetings; secondly, my honored, worn, thumbbed, fingered, loved, respected copy of Roberts' Rules of Order, these I wish left to Elmer Halstead.

I, Katherine Peterson, do bestow my smooth, silvery, oratorical, abilitive rolling of r-r-r's to Maurine Brown.

I, Marian Jenkins, leave my strong and powerful secretaritive voice to Margaret Anderson.

I, Mabel Rae Green, leave my easy, persuasive, money drawing, treasurer-like smile to Oral Powell.

I, Otto Burcham, leave my bold bashfulness and the engaging smile that goes with it to Neal Edwards. Use it sparingly, Neal.

We, Edith Coleman, Margaret McDevitt, and Gladys Endicott, leave our most highly respected artistic abilities to any quartet that is willing to gaze upon the four walls of room twenty-six instead of attending social hour.

We, Lucile Carter, Helen Denham, Ruth Nixon, Kathleen Skinner, Muriel La Spronce, Inez Clark, do endow our stock of excuses and spirit of recklessness to any group of Juniors that care to follow in the footsteps of the wise and sophisticated.

We, Dorothy Bennie, Emma Groat, Catharine Wilcox, Agnes Murphy, Jean Melvin, leave our grace and power of stature to any who care to major in Physical Ed.

We, the almighty girls of the Senior basketball team, leave to Miss Taylor and to Mr. Dodds some of our calm of spirit, now that we are gone but not forgotten and cannot torment their souls with line fouls.

We, Us & Company, namely Alice Peterson, Hazel Mae Louckes, and Juanita Wolfe do sorrowfully endow our soulful configurative eyes to Crystal Carrigan, Freda Hammel and Elsie Mayfield, respectfully and respectively.

We, Helen Michaelson, Pauline Jones and Estella Muir, with our last breath, bequeath our bird-like voices, concentrated, to Lena Crump. May she use them to the best of her ability, in memory of us who will have departed.

I, Melva Hattan, bestow my stick-to-it-iveness to lesson plans upon Alice Aldrich.

We, the dignified and lofty Misseses, leave with tearful eyes and sorrowful heart our beloved Senior Cottage to the next elite set that crave open air slumbering.

I, Bert Evans, bestow my intrinsic, business-like carriage (also my lamented freckles) to Frank Beer—I know they will be appreciated.

I, George Meeker, leave my shrewd argumentive faculties to Leslie Clemo.

We, the Berg Sisters, will our efficient attentiveness and studious habits to any other sisters that are willing to batch agreeably.

I, Henry (commonly known as Heinie) Gunn, bequeath my engaging smile and winning ways to Harold Price—although he doesn't need them.

I, Louise Leinenweber, bestow with heartfelt guise my pearl earrings and light fantastic toe to Anna Henricks. May she use them disparagingly.

I, Alethea Kidby, leave my charming rosy countenance to Miriam McConnel.

I, Leonard Kaup, leave my marathon ability in basketball to Teddy Graham. May he grow into my shoes.

I, Everett Evans, do reluctantly bequeath my franchise on all strolling pathways within the city limits to any other enamoured one who has good shoe leather and inspiration.

I, Agnes Bock, leave my gifted sighs and stock of postage stamps to Dorothy Mueller.

I, Maurice Gentle, leave my growing marcell to Earl Condit.

I, Helen Glanze, leave my Kinky Kurls to Esther Weisblatt.

I, Fred Grabhorn, leave my ruddy complexion and all that goes with it to Mark Naugle. May he take good care of it.

We, Elizabeth Orr and Francis Ball, leave our faculty for walking home from Independence Sunday evenings to Edna Pope and Elma Hayes.

I, Herwig Netter, endow my position as Chief-Holder-of-the-Keys-to-Buildings to any other young man who has power to resist "taking" ways of Normal maids.

I, Eleanor Portwood, alias Portie, bequeath my Henry-etta to any out of town girl who can crank a Ford.

I, Mrs. Raine, bestow my knowledge of the playful little ones to Mrs. Smith.

I, Eric Swenson, will my ponderous tendency toward anything scholarly to anyone who can bear the massive responsibility on narrow shoulders.

I, Nellie Schaeffer, will my frolicking fingerish, musical ability to Cathryn Bates. May the movies of the coming year profit thereby.

I, Agnes Wadsworth, endow my gift of gabbishness to Lucy Spittle. May our shy little Astorian use it to good advantage.

I, Mrs. McAdoo, leave my personality and good disposition to anyone taking Art Fundamentals. They'll need it.

I, Jessie Wilde, leave my "go-get-'em" look to anyone wishing to try out for Assistant Dean.

I, Ruth Williams, relinquish the right to sway the Student Body through the Hallelujah Song on Monday mornings, to Thelma Thompson.

I, Kenneth Wall, after pondering deeply on the matter, have, under due consideration, decided to scatter my many responsibilities where they will grow and accomplish the great end my decease will so unfortunately cut short.

(1) My speedy typewriting ability to Lorena Wright.

(2) My newest "find" in dancing to Thelma Williams.

(3) My dramatic executions to Albert Yoder.

I, Clara Gravos, bequeath my manly, weighty, scientific, mathematical brain to Selma Bellinger.

We, Barbara Hixson and Nell Ingram, bestow unto Lottie Netter and Marg. Anderson our ability to holler unto the Heavens and guard our opponents.

I, Vida Cole, tearfully part with my bone-rimmed glasses as I cannot take them with me. Give them unto anyone who feels able to push said glasses through the halls of the Ad Building.

I, Betty Faulcaner, bequeath my personality (full of rascality) to anyone my size.

I, Velma Johnson, endow with my straw hat, boots, and overalls anyone wishing to start a competitive property room.

Signed "SI"

I, Marian Barnum, will my maidenly grace and individuality to Ruth Reynolds.

We, Francis Cox and Marjorie Shay, the inseparable, bestow all rights and charters to teach observation classes to any pair desiring to contract palsy.—Paid Adv.

We, the Class of 1923, do declare, publish, and ordain the foregoing to be our last Will and Testament.

We whereby appoint and designate

Elmer Halstead

Margaret Anderson

to be our duly authorized executor and executrix, respectively.

In witness whereof we have affixed our hands and seals this 13th day of June in the year of 1923.

Done in the presence of these witnesses:

J. V. B. BUTLER

EDNA MINGUS

EMILY BERGEN, Notary Public.



FRANCIS LORD.....Kewanna, Ind.
President Senior Class '23; Indiana State
Normal; Swastika; President Student
Body '22.

*"Branch of honour, Flower of
chivalry."*

KATHERINE PETERSONPortland
Vice President Senior Class '23; Student
Council '22; Delphian; Glee Club.

*"One whose happy days in helpful
joys are spent."*

MARIAN JENKINSPortland
Secretary Senior Class '23; Reed College;
Vespertine; Glee Club.

"With heart and hand to aid each one."

MABEL RAE GREEN.....Lebanon
Treasurer Senior Class '23; U. of O.;
Delphian; Glee Club.

*"Heaven flow'd upon thy soul in
many dreams of high desire."*

EMILY BERGENPortland
Senior Class Song Leader '23; Ephabian;
Vespertine; Pres. Group II '22; Senior
Basketball '23.

*"She is so light hearted and gay; a
general favorite among all, they
say."*

J. O. BURCHAM.....Cottage Grove
Sergeant-at-arms Senior Class '23; Swas-
tika; U. of Idaho.

*"Intent he seemed and pondering
future things of wondrous weight."*



STAFF

ELSA V. EGANSPortland

Editor Norm; Pres. Group V, '21; Glee Club; Delphian.

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."



F. D. OLEMANMonmouth

Assistant Editor Norm; Student Council '20; Glee Club '20; Asst. Bus. Mgr. Norm '20; Swastika; Orchestra; Senior Basketball '22.

"In truth, all good approved by him."



HERBERT EVANSMonmouth

Business Manager Norm; O. A. C.; Swastika.

"Oh iron nerve to true occasion true."



MAUDE MARIE ALLENMabel

Assistant Business Manager Norm; O. A. C.; Glee Club; Delphian.

"A tender heart, a will inflexible."



E. GERTRUDE ANDERSON.....Jefferson
Vespertine.

*"Serene and resolute, calm and self-
possessed."*

VINA AYRESMaupin
Delphian; Glee Club.

*"Good nature and good sense must
ever join."*

KATHERINE ALLENAlbany
Delphian; U. of O.; Bethany College,
Kansas.

*"Nothing great was ever achieved
without enthusiasm."*

MARGARET A. BUSICKUnion
Vespertine.

"A rainbow in the sky!"

AGNES BOCKSilverton
Vespertine; Glee Club; Secretary Group
III, '22.

*"Delight and liberty, thy simple
creed."*

CAROLYN BERRYCorvallis
Treas. Vespertine '22; Sec. Student Body
'22, '23; Sec. Student Council '23.

"Deeds, not words."

ELMA BOHNWoodburn
Delphian; U. of O.; U. of Cal.

"Of faith that looks through death."

ELSIE COLE BALDWINWilbur
Vespertine.

"A sweet attractive kind of grace."



HELEN L. BOOKOUT.....Kirkville, Mo.
Delphian; Glee Club; Northeast Mo.
State Teachers' College.

*"And having wisdom with each
studious year."*

MARION L. BRIGGSHermiston
Delphian; U. of O.

"As merry as the day is long."

AGNES BROWNPortland
Delphian.

*"Your good disposition is better
than gold."*

STELLA BERGCanby
Vespertine; Pres. Glee Club '22.

*"Blest—who find health of body,
peace of mind."*

RUTH BLACKINTONLa Grande
Vespertine; Glee Club.

"A loyal, just and loving friend."

BURTON BELLRickreall
Student Council '21; Junior Class Play
'22; Student Body Pres. '22, '23.

*"I am no orator as Brutus is, but
as you know me, a plain man."*

WALTER BOWMANFalls City
Pres. Oak Point Club; Senior Basketball
Capt.; Sergeant-at-arms Commercial Club;
Swastika Reporter '22.

*"Ripe for exploits and mighty en-
terprises."*

MAY BURGOYNEPortland
Sec. Vespertine '23; Pres. of Dormitory
'22; Glee Club; Vice Pres. Student Body
'23; Pres. Student Council '23.

*"Thanks for this human heart by
which we live."*



ALICE T. CANNINGMonmouth
Delphian; Student Council.
"The soul of truth in every part."

ELSIE CONVILL.....West Port
Delphian.
*"She mixes reason with mirth and
wisdom with pleasure."*

FRANCES R. COURTPortland
Vespertine Reporter.
"For she is kind."

LYDIA CHRISTIANSENMcMinnville
Delphian Sec. '22.
*"She was a faithful student and
a friend."*

LAVERNA CLINEMonmouth
Delphian.
*"Favors to none, she smiles to all
extends."*

THELMA MARKS CLARKDevitt
Delphian.
*"We meet thee like a pleasant
thought."*

OLIVE COULTERIndependence
Vespertine; O. A. C.
*"Her heart the lowliest duties on
herself did lay."*

VINA CRONKLooking-Glass
Boise Normal School; Vespertine.
*"Her graceful wit brought happi-
ness to all."*



GLORIA DOROTHY CHRIST.....Portland
Student Body Song Leader '22; Glee
Club; Delphian.

*"Fixed as a star; such glory is
thy right."*

W. A. DAVENPORT.....Salem
U. of Neb.; Swastika; Vice Pres. Student
Body '22; Pres. Student Council '22.

*"A man he seems of cheerful yes-
terdays and confident tomorrows."*

CORA MAY DOUGLAS.....Canby
Sec. of Vespertine '22.

"Merry and blythe is she."

MARION DUNLOP.....Falls City
Delphian; Glee Club; Mixed Quartet;
Women's Quartet.

"Faithful she is in each small task."

SOPHIA DETMERING.....Dayton
Delphian; O. A. C.; Student Council;
Glee Club.

*"None but herself can be her
parallel."*

THELMA E. EILER.....Portland
Vice Pres. Vespertine; Better O. N. S.;
Art Club; Sectional Editor Norm.

*"A rose in roses, mingled in her
fragrant toils."*

RETA EVANS.....Monroe
Vespertine.

*"Thy pure calm truths outflash the
brightest gleams."*

VERA VEE EVANS.....Willamina
Delphian; U. of O.; Glee Club.

*"The music, breathing from her
face."*



MELVINA FOX.....Berkeley, Cal.
Vespertine.

*"A daughter of the gods, divinely
tall."*

CLARA GRAVOSVida
Vespertine; Sergeant-at-arms.

"Virtuous actions are borne."

RUTH WIGHTLebanon
Delphian.

"Like a flower was she."

CRESSIE GROOTWallowa
Vespertine.

*"Her beautiful eye makes silence
eloquent."*

EMMA H. GROOTTillamook
Delphian; Ephabian.

*"You have waked me too soon, I
must slumber again."*

JANE B. GUNNHermiston
Vespertine; Vice Pres. Student Body '22;
Pres. Student Council '22.

*"Her air, her smile, her motions tell
of womanly completeness."*

HELEN M. HALLPortland
Delphian.

*"Joyous and confiding like a
triumph."*

SUSANE HAULENBECKPortland
Delphian; Glee Club; Commercial Club;
Riders' College, N. J.

"Simple duty hath no place for fear."



BARBARA HIXSONPortland
Delphian; Junior Basketball Captain '22;
Senior Basketball; Student Body Song
Leader '22, '23; Junior Volley Ball;
Junior Baseball Captain '22.

*"Her lively looks a sprightly mind
disclose."*

ANNE S. HENDRICKSONAstoria
Vespertine; Better O. N. S. '22, '23.

*"Care to our coffin adds a nail
no doubt.
Her every laugh so merry draws
one out."*

MELVA HATTAN.....St. Helens
Delphian; Basketball; Volley Ball; Base-
ball.

*"Fair branch of honor, flower of
worth."*

ALTHEA M. HEMBREEPortland
Delphian.

*"So fair, so fit for every mood of
mind."*

LELA HANKINSYamhill
Delphian.

"Freedom rear'd her beautiful brow."

JESSIE B. IRWINDrain
Delphian.

*"Gladly wolde she lerne and gladly
teche."*

VELMA JOHNSONMonmouth
Delphian.

"Like to one all rich in hope."

HELEN JONESIndependence
Delphian; Song Leader Group IV, '22.

*"A merry heart maketh a cheerful
countenance."*



PAULINE JONES.....Jordan Valley, Idaho
Vespertine; Glee Club; Orchestra; Dorm
Song Leader '22.

"Here's my hand and, too, my heart."

MARJORIE KNAPPPortland
Delphian.

*"A fair sweet girl with skillful
hand and cheerful heart."*

BERNICE VIRGINIA JURGENS.....Roseburg
Vespertine; Glee Club; Commercial Club.

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and
low, an excellent thing in woman."*

MABEL JOY LAMERPortland
Vespertine Treas. '22.

"Awaked! So wise, so well."

LAVERNE LAMBEugene
Delphian.

*"Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyra-
mids."*

MARTHA LARSONAstoria
Delphian.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

MARGARET LAWSONPortland
Vespertine; Vice Pres. Commercial Club;
U. of O.

"Excellence, the pride and prize."

IDA MARIE MITZNERHalsey
Vespertine; Glee Club.

*"Smooth runs the water where the
brook is deep."*



MILDRED MAE MCKNIGHTAlbany
O. A. C.; Vespertine.

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."

MARY ETHEL McADOOMonmouth
Delphian.

"She hath beauty in her life."

MARY ELLEN McCRORYPortland
Delphian.

"Grace was in all her steps."

THELMA MEADOWSFlorence
Delphian; Glee Club.

"Virtuous and wise is she but not severe."

OLIVE MORTIMOREPendleton
Vespertine.

"Obedient spirit, all delight!"

MARGARET McDEVITTIone
Delphian; Pres. Art Club.

"Elegant as simplicity and warm as ecstasy."

AGNES K. MURPHYAntelope
Delphian; Pres. Group IV, '22; Student
Council '22; Vice Pres. Dorm, '22; Eph-
bian, Junior and Senior Basketball.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

AGNES M. MEHRINGTangent
Vespertine, Sec. Senior Cottage '23.

"In mind and manners how discreet."



HAZEL IRENE MORLEYClackamas
Vespertine; Sergeant-at-arms '22.
*"So shines a good deed in a naughty
world!"*

JEAN C. MELVINPortland
Delphian; U. of O.; Ephabian; Junior
Basketball; Glee Club.
*"Choice word and measured phrase
are thine."*

VIOLA NIELSENPortland
Vespertine; Glee Club.
"They saw her manners in her face."

ROMAINE NICHOLSONBend
Vespertine; Glee Club '22.
*"So build we up the being that
we are."*

GLADYS OAKESBandon
Vespertine.
"She walks in beauty like the night."

LAURA OLSONBeaverton
Vespertine; Junior Basketball '22; Senior
Basketball Captain '23.
*"Everyone has faults. Good nature
is hers."*

EDITH PLESSINGERSalem
Delphian.
*"Pleasure and action make thy
hours seem short."*

MABEL F. PORTER.....Junction City
Delphian; Glee Club.
*"Her silver voice is the rich music
of a summer bird."*



ALICE PETERSON.....Moscow, Idaho
Delphian; Glee Club; U. of I.
*"And she is fair and fairer than
that word."*

RUTH WILLETS PURDY.....Twin Rocks
Delphian; Reporter; Glee Club.
*"Thou hast the patience and the
faith of saints."*

KATHERINE RICERoseburg
Vespertine; Glee Club '22.
*"And patience be the passion of great
hearts."*

NELLIE DAVIS RANDOLPH.....Walla Walla
Vespertine; Glee Club; Better O. N. S.;
Hamline U., Minn.
"Her cause brings fame and profit."

AMANDA G. REEVESMcMinnville
Delphian; Glee Club.
"A spectacle for Angels."

LELA REEDOregon City
Delphian; U. of O.
"Virtue alone is happiness."

FAY ELIZABETH SCOTTSheridan
Vespertine; Pacific College.
*"Reproof on her lips but a smile
in her eye."*

MABEL A. SIMPSONWoodburn
Delphian; Glee Club.
*"If e'er she knew an evil thought,
she spoke no evil word."*



FLORA SLOOPTangent
Vespertine; Orchestra Pres. '22, '23.
"She looks as clear as morning roses."

KATHLEEN SKINNERIndependence
Vespertine; Vice Pres. '22; Junior Class
Play '22; Pres. Better O. N. S. '22.
"You may know her by her winning smile and sparkling eye."

NELLIE SHAFFERBaker
Delphian; Glee Club.
"There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability."

DOROTHY TAYLORSalem
Vespertine; Glee Club; Better O. N. S.;
Secy.-Treas. Junior Class '21; Pres. Junior Class '22; Section Editor Norm '22.
"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

EVA THOMASYamhill
Delphian; Basketball '22, '23; Glee Club.
"She has a voice of gladness and a smile."

FLORENCE B. THOMPSONCarlton
Vespertine.
"Throned in celestial sheen."

MARY ANN TOW.....Box Elder, Mont.
Delphian; Glee Club; Student Council;
Commercial Club; U. of O.; Great Falls
Commercial Club.
"They are only truly great who are truly good."

JUANITA WOLFFOrengo
Delphian; Glee Club; Pres. Group IV, '22; Orchestra '23; Triple Quartet.
"She who has art, has everywhere a part."



HULDA S. WEINERTAirlie
Vespertine; Senior Basketball.
"Happy art—happy remaineth."

MURIEL B. WILSONIndependence
Delphian; Commercial Club '23; Glee
Club.
*"Who can foretell for what high cause
This fledgling of the gods was born!"*

CLARA WIEVESIEKOregon City
Delphian; Reed College.
"Virtue's self—thy motives!"

AGNES WADSWORTHPortland
Delphian; Orchestra '21; Basketball.
"All the world loves a lover."

EMILY C. WOODMANPortland
Vespertine.
*"She counts life by its sunshine and
gladness."*

ALPHA WILLIAMSBeaverton
Delphian; Glee Club.
*"She smiled and the shadows de-
parted."*

KATHERINE WILCOXPortland
Delphian; Glee Club; Vice Pres. Eph-
bian; U. of O.
"Wit to persuade, beauty to delight."

MILDRED WESTERFIELDMcMinnville
Delphian; Linfield College.
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness"



MARY WILLIAMSKlamath Falls
Delphian.

*"Ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure
all this!"*

RUTH WILLISOregon City
Delphian; Glee Club; Pres. Commercial
Club.

"Bright reed of everlastingness."

MARY ALLENBaker
Delphian.

"Ready to work, ready to play."

ELMA HAYESCarlton
Delphian.

*"She puts her worries into the bot-
tom of her heart and smiles."*

CLAUDIA GRATTONPortland
Delphian; U. of O.

"There dwelt all that's good."

NELL INGRAMPendleton
Sergeant-at-arms; Delphian; Ephabian;
Volley Ball Capt. '22; Baseball '21-'22;
Basketball '22-'23.

*"For what I will, I will, and there's
an end to it."*

RUTH ANDERSONCherry Grove
Delphian; Pacific U.

"New occasions teach new duties."

ELNA AUSPLUNDColton
Vespertine; Glee Club; Orchestra.

"If music be the food of love, play on."



FRANCES BALL Hillsboro

Delphian; Glee Club; Pacific U.

"You would know her by her smiling and the sunshine on her way."

MARION BARNUM Independence

Pres. Vespertine '23; U. of O.

"The blushing beauties of a modest maid."

EDITH BENNETT Santa Clara

Delphian; Glee Club.

"Timely blossom, infant fair."

DOROTHY BENNIE Portland

Delphian; Glee Club; Pres. Ephabian.

"The glory of a firm capacious mind."

AGNES BERG Corley

Delphian.

"True beauty dwells in deep retreats."

MONA AILLEN BOND Halsey

Vespertine; O. A. C.; Chicago Normal School of Phys. Ed.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

WALTER BOYER Rickreall

Swastika; Willamette U.

"The actions here profoundly tell the kind of man behind it all."

HILDA GOENIG BRANSTATOR Astoria

Delphian; Glee Club.

"A quiet and reserved lassie."



GLADYS BROWNCondon
Vespertine; O. A. C.; Glee Club; Ephabian.

"Thy mind is thy kingdom."

MARJORIE BROWNSalem
Delphian; O. A. C.

*"Her charms were many,
Her faults but few."*

ZELLA BUCKINGHAMForest Grove
Delphian; Pacific U.

*"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."*

EUGENIA CAUDYPortland
Delphian.

"Give her wings that she may fly."

MARGUERIETTE N. CHANDLER.....Portland
Glee Club; Vespertine; Ephabian.

"A loyal, just and loving friend."

BESSIE CHRISTENSENAda
Delphian.

*"The golden age is not behind but
'fore you."*

AGNES CHRISTIEPortland
Vespertine; Ephabian; U. of O.

*"Happy am I; from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all as happy as me?"*

NORMA COCHRANEMerlin
Delphian; Linfield College.

"Her air, her manners, all admire."



MARY I. COLE Monmouth
 Pres. Delphian; Pres. Orchestra; Glee
 Club; Sectional Editor Norm '22.
"Wise, oh wondrous wise."

VIDA COLE Molalla
 Vespertine; O. A. C.; Ephabian; Better
 O. N. S. '23.
*"Fortunate are they whom her
 friendship doth enfold."*

EDITH VIVIAN COLEMAN Portland
 Glee Club '22, 23; Vespertine; Art Club.
*"She shows us how divine a thing
 a woman may be made."*

LOUISE COLEMAN Portland
 Delphian.
*"Great thoughts, like great deeds,
 need no trumpet."*

ALICE COMSTOCK Monmouth
 Delphian; Better O. N. S. '22.
"To see her is to love her."

ELMA COX Albany
 Delphian; Glee Club.
*"She from whose lips divine per-
 suasion flows."*

FRANCES E. COX Cottage Grove
 Delphian.
"She mixeth wisdom with pleasure."

BERYL DEFORD Laurel
 Vespertine.
*"There is sweet music here that
 softer falls than petals."*



MILDRED DEWARPortland
Delphian.

"There in her place she did rejoice."

FRANCES DONEGANBurns
U. of O.; Vespertine.

"This is the morning of the day."

PHOEBE DOYLEPortland
Teachers' Coll., Minn.; Vespertine.

*"Type of the wise that soar but
never roam
Far from the kindred points of
heaven and home."*

GLADYS H. DURLANDRoseburg
Vespertine; Glee Club.

"Her open eyes desire the truth."

LAURA EATONMonmouth
Vespertine.

"Knowledge comes; wisdom lingers."

EVERETT EVANSMonmouth
Pres. Swastika '22; V. Pres. Junior Class
'22; Basketball '22-'23; Better O. N. S. '22.

"Courteous as any knight."

BETTY FAULCONERSheridan
O. A. C.; Delphian.

"Utter peace and love and gentleness."

CHRISTINE FERMCherry Grove
Delphian; Glee Club.

*"She is firm or mild as occasion
may require."*



ALTA LAVIRA FIKE.....Vancouver, Wash.
Vespertine; Whitman Col.; Eugene Bible
University.
"A shy maiden, placid and sweet."

MAURICE GENTLEMonmouth
Vice Pres. Swastika; Basketball '23.
*"Thy nature and thy name render-
ing true answer."*

HELEN B. GLANZHammond
U. of O.; Vespertine.
*"I have no other than a woman's
reason. I think it is so because I
think it is so."*

GOLDIE GOODRICHYamhill
Vespertine.
*"The reward of one duty is the
power to fulfill another."*

FRED GRABHORNBeaverton
Sec. Swastika; Com. Club; Orchestra.
"Sparkling flints beneath that brow."

CARRIE GRANTPortland
Delphian.
*"Blessed are they with a sense of
humor."*

HELEN GRONHOLMPortland
U. of O.; Vespertine; Glee Club; Triple
Quartet.
*"Wit she hath; without desire to
make known how much she hath."*

GLADYS HAINESBeaverton
Delphian.
*"It matters not how long we live,
but how."*



MARY HARNISHAlbany
Treas. Delphian '22; Glee Club '23.
*"They are never alone that are ac-
companied by noble thoughts."*

MARGARET HARNISHMyrtle Point
O. A. C.; Delphian.
*"Nothing great was e'er achieved
without enthusiasm."*

CLARA HELLERMcKinley
Vespertine.
*"Truth is always the strongest
argument."*

ELVIRA HOUSTONWarner Lake
Vespertine; Sec. Orchestra '23.
"So much of earth—so much of heaven."

ELIZABETH JOHNSONForest Grove
Pacific U.; Delphian; Student Council '23.
"By not less than truth designed."

MARGUERITE KENDALL.....Los Angeles, Cal.
U. of Cal.; U. of So. Cal.; San Francisco
Normal; Delphian.
*"Those who know thee,
Know all words are faint."*

LOUISE KREUDERPortland
Vespertine.
"In short, you've pluck."

ALETHEA KIDBYWest Linn
Pres. Vespertine '22; V. Pres. Vespertine
'22; Better O. N. S. '21; Glee Club.
*"Her loveliness I never knew until
she smiled."*



TRESSIE S. LACKEYNyssa
O. A. C.; Vespertine.
"A lovely maid with large gray eyes."

MURIEL LA SPRONCEPortland
Delphian; Sec.-Treas. Junior Class '22.
*"Happy she seemed from morn 'til
night."*

MARY ELLEN LAWCorvallis
O. A. C.; Vespertine; Glee Club.
"Smooth be her ways, secure her tread."

ANNA LEWISBrockway
Delphian.
"With thee 'tis always day!"

HENRIETTA LIPPMANPortland
Vespertine.
*"Gentle, faithful, good,
Not afraid to serve."*

HAZEL MAY LOUCKSCottage Grove
Delphian; Junior Class Play '22; Glee
Club.
*"Her faults, her sweetnesses, are
purely human."*

VESTA MARKAurora
Vespertine.
"'Tis well to be merry and wise."

MIRIAM E. MCCONNELLBurns
U. of W.; Delphian.
*"Beautiful in form and feature;
Lovely as the day."*



HELEN McCORNACKMabel
O. A. C.; Delphian; Better O. N. S.
*"Not guilty of a single thing except
perhaps of studying."*

NEVA McLARENMarshfield
Vespertine.
"Her eye was bright."

MARY McMURTRYPhilomath, Cal.
Delphian.
*"Glorious seraph, who directs thy
fate?"*

GEORGE MEEKERMonmouth
Knox College.
"With wise instinct."

HELEN L. MICHAELSONPortland
Vespertine; Student Council '22; Song
Leader '22; Sec.-Treas. Glee Club '23;
Sectional Editor Norm.
*"From her throat there came a hush
of sweetest music."*

LOLA MORGANIndependence
Vespertine.
"Hear me for I will speak."

ESTELLA MUIRPortland
U. of O.; Delphian; Glee Club.
*"Would that men could know how
truly great I am."*

LILLIAN NELSONPortland
Delphian; Glee Club.
*"She doeth little kindnesses which
most do leave undone."*



HERWIG NETTERAurora
Swastika; Basketball; Junior Volley Ball
'22.

"In his duty, prompt at every call."

BERNICE NEWBILLDallas
Delphian.

*"The learned eye is still the loving
one."*

RUTH NIXONPortland
Vice-Pres. Vespertine '22; Pres. Group
III, '22; Sectional Editor Norm.

*"Those eyes, aye! Darker than
darkest pansies."*

HAZEL OSENPortland
Delphian; Glee Club.

"Sparkling and bright in liquid light."

ELIZABETH ORRPortland
Delphian; Reed College.

*"I have always thought the actions
of men their best interpreters."*

ANGIE PAMBRUNAthena
Whitman Coll.; Cheney Normal; Ves-
pertine.

*"I never dare to write as funny as
I can."*

BETH PARTRIDGEMonmouth
Delphian; Commercial Club.

*"And I have oft heard defended,
little said is soonest mended."*

JUANITA WOLFFOrencia
Delphian; Glee Club; Triple Quartet;
Orchestra; Pres. Group IV, '23.

*"She who has art has everywhere
a part."*



MINERVA POWELLPortland
Vespertine.

"There is likewise a reward for faithful silence."

HALLIE PUDDYHood River
Vice Pres. Vespertine; Glee Club.

"When she sang you heard a gush of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush."

ANNIE NEWMAN RAINEPortland
Pacific U.; Vespertine; Glee Club; Triple Quartet.

"To be strong is to be happy."

INEZ RIDGEWAYSheridan
Delphian.

"The very quintessence of perfection."

BERNICE ROBINSONHood River
Delphian; Glee Club.

"Her sunny locks hand on her temples like a golden fleece."

MILDRED ROSSTangent
Albany Coll.; Vespertine; Glee Club.

"Yet in the mildness of her eyes made up of quickest sympathy."

NELLIE RUSHElgin
Vespertine.

"All must be in earnest in a world like ours."

WILLIAM A. RUSH.....Jennings Lodge
George Peabody Coll.; U. of O.; Swastika.

"A man of well-tempered frame."



LYDIA SAILERAurora
Vespertine; Glee Club.
*"Dear flower fringing the road with
gold."*

MARJORIE SHAYCottage Grove
Delphian; Glee Club.
*"High erected thoughts seated in a
heart of courtesy."*

MARY SHIRLEYHillsboro
Pacific College; Vespertine.
"To know her was to appreciate her."

IRMA WILSON SHONTZEugene
Drake U.; Le Mars Normal; Vespertine.
"Rich in saving common sense."

HATTIE SMILEYCorvallis
O. A. C.; Philomath Coll.; Vespertine.
*"In small proportions we just beauty
see."*

GRETCHEN SNYDERMonmouth
Delphian.
"Sleeping, working, still at ease."

DORIS SPANGENBURGLake View
Vespertine.
*"Where thoughts express a pure and
sweet dwelling place."*

MILDRED STEPHENSVenita
Delphian.
*"She be fairer than the day, o'er
flowery meadows in May."*



LILLIAN TABKE Roseburg
Glee Club; Delphian.

*"Never idle a moment but thrifty
and thoughtful of others."*

CRYSTAL TEMPLETON Brownsville
U. of O.; Glee Club; Vespertine; Or-
chestra '20.

"All that's best of work and life."

MARY THOMPSON Bend
O. A. C.; Vespertine; Glee Club.

"Kindness is wisdom."

VEVA TIEDEMAN Oregon City
Delphian; Glee Club.

*"The pride of prince and the boast
of song."*

MARGARET TRADER Creswell
O. A. C.; Vespertine.

*"Nor is the wide world ignorant of
her worth."*

ISA UPSON Portland
Delphian; Glee Club; Sectional Editor
Norm.

*"And still the wonder grew—how
one small head could carry all she
knew."*

KENNETH WALL Jefferson
Swastika; Better O. N. S.; Men's Quartet.

"A bold bad man."

ECHO WALKER Reedsport
Vespertine.

*"A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart that's sound and free."*



CLARISSA WALTONShedd
Vespertine.

"Gentle in manner—firm in reality."

M. INEZ CLARKPortland
Senior Class Editor, Norm; Vespertine;
Glee Club.

*"Born for success it seems, with grace
to win, with heart to dare."*

MILDRED WATSONCoburg
Delphian.

"With soul bent toward helpfulness."

JESSIE WILDEPortland
Delphian; Glee Club.

*"My love in her attire doth show
her wit,
It doth so well become her."*

RUTH WILLIAMSPortland
Pres. Glee Club '23; Delphian.

"There now, do be a glowing violet."

GRACE M. H. GROSS.....Marshfield
Bellingham Normal; Whitman College;
Delphian.

*"Never trouble trouble, 'til trouble
troubles thee."*

LEONARD KAUPMonmouth
Swastika; Basketball '23.

*"And what he greatly tho't he nobly
dared."*

FAY WARDPortland
Reed College; Delphian; Glee Club.

*"Her soft brown hair, shadows of
the flowers."*

A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Life is largely what you make it,
Right or wrong;
Much depends on how you take it
All along;
Joy is yours; do not forsake it,
Sing a song;
If you are not happy, fake it
Loud and strong!

If your heart with grief is stinging
In the night,
Just a bit of cheery singing
Makes it light;
You can set the joybells ringing
Clear and bright
By a brave and steadfast clinging
To the right.

Not much knowledge is imparted
In this rhyme,
But enough to get us started
On the climb.
If you are not happy, fake it—
Let it chime;
Life is largely what you make it
All the time!

—Edith Coleman.



The Junior Class was organized in October. At this meeting the following officers were elected: president, Elmer H. Halstead; vice-president, Orrel Powell; secretary-treasurer, Margaret Anderson; sergeant-at-arms, Frank Beer; song leader, Alice Aldrich; reporter, Hazel Wells. Catherine Bates, Elise Hinkle, Freda Hammel and Earl Condit were chosen to serve on the Student Council.

The outstanding quality of the class as a whole is the fine spirit of co-operation and willingness to help. This spirit is embodied in our songs, our motto, and in all the activities in which the class has taken part. The '24s worked at basketball and both the women's and the men's teams finished the season with good scores. The class parties and dances, backed by faithful committees, were successes not to be passed without praise and special comment.

The work of those who helped in the Junior Ensemble and play production on March 2nd and 3rd, deserve special commendation. The committees worked long hours on these features and we feel the success is due in a great measure to them, and to our capable leader, Miss Taylor. We are proud to have a class adviser of such unusual ability, with enthusiasm and class spirit.

Enthusiasm is running high, with the crest not yet in sight, over the Junior Week End and May Day festivities. The Junior Breakfast in the grove, that time of fun and frolic when no one cares whether it storms or shines, and an event which Greek maidens of old would be envious to witness, is viewed in the future with the keenest anticipation of pleasure. The gymnasium will witness at the Junior Prom much decoration! The plans for this event are being most carefully worked out to make the effect surpass former efforts.

In short, who can say that the Class of '24 with the motto, "Seek to Serve," with the power of several hundred unmatched personalities, with orators, poets, authors, musicians, singers, artists, ability in some form characterizing every one of them, will not, in life's short program here, answer many of the questions that sages have pondered over; establish principles of better living, intelligent thinking, leave examples of moral conduct, create laws of ethics unmatched in the school's history?

E. H. H.

THE RULE OF 'TWENTY-FOUR

March Song for the Class of 1924, O. N. S.

By C. R. Moore.

The world may not be all it ought to be
To make the whites secure;
But day by day, 'most ev'ry way,
It's growing better sure.
Folks think kindly thoughts about other folks
And do it more and more.
They take to heart the motto of
The Class of Twenty-four:

Seek to Serve!
Do not scold because the world won't wait on you.
Seek to Serve!
Always help the world with what it has to do.
Try to aid the other fellow;
Let folks know the Blue and Yellow
Stands for more
Than just a class called "Twenty-four."

There's no humbly sweet blossom can surpass
The lovely Yellow Rose;
A yellow sun in sky of blue
Is hard to beat, one knows.
The Rose and the sun and the sky of blue
We love more than before;
Class emblems they, all standing for
The Rule of Twenty-four:

Seek to Serve!
Never miss a chance to help someone along.
Seek to Serve!
Make it "service with a smile," if not a song.
At a chance to wilt a collar
Jump right up and gladly holler:
"Work's in store
That suits the Class of Twenty-four!"



Halstead

Wells

Powell

Beer

Anderson

Aldrich

Class Motto:
"SEEK TO SERVE"

Flower:
YELLOW ROSE

Class Colors:
BLUE AND YELLOW



Margaret Anderson Delphian Portland
 "Hello, honey."
 Irma Alexander Delphian Carlton
 "Goodness!"
 Odelia Armstrong Delphian Oregon City
 "I should say so."
 Helen Aubert Vespertine Mt. Hood
 "Oh, indeed."

Olive Alexander Delphian Baker
 "Spent a nickel and thought nothing of it."
 Alice Aldrich Delphian Portland
 "Come on, kids."
 Donzella Abrams Delphian Tillamook
 "Gracious, you bet."
 Isabell McLelland Delphian Portland
 "Not Elizabeth."

Mabel Anderson Vespertine Aurora
 "Oh, boy!"
 Alice Baker Delphian Independence
 "Yea bo!"
 Eva Beatty Vespertine Canby
 "That was all right."
 Ruth Barrett Vespertine Nyssa
 "I can't do nothing, no how."

Helen Berg Vespertine Astoria
 "Oh, quit stringing me."
 Selma Bellinger Delphian Lebanon
 "'n things."
 Cathryn Bates Vespertine Monmouth
 "Oh, girls."
 Mabel Barnett Vespertine Parkplace
 "I just can't get that."

Verna Biersdorf Vespertine Portland
 "Please."
 Mabel Biersdorf Vespertine Portland
 "Thank you."
 Majel Blue Vespertine Payette
 "Oh, laddie."
 Adeline Blessing Delphian Portland
 "Oh, thank you."



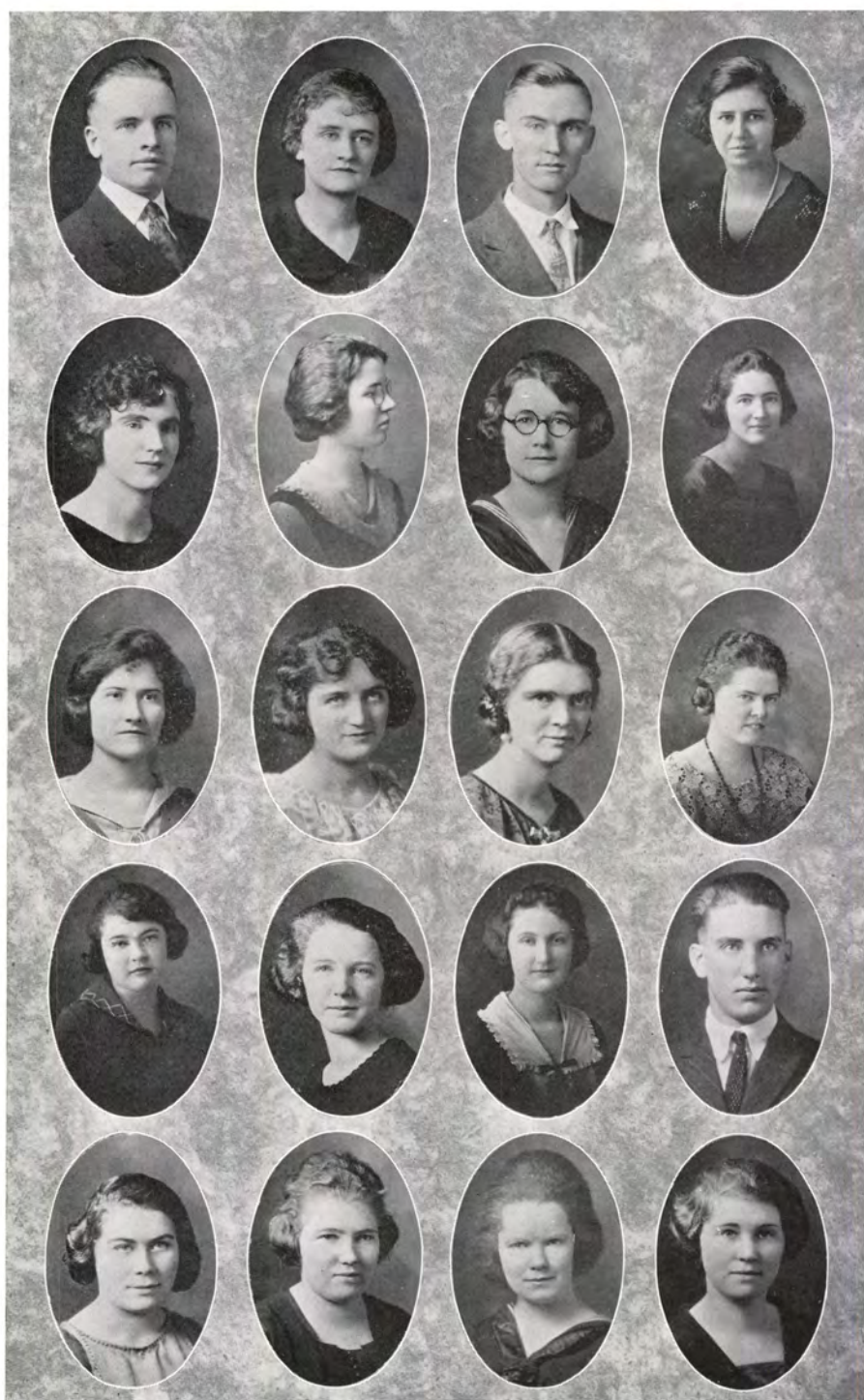
Elvira Blair Delphian Portland
 "Oh, horrors."
 Maurine Brown Delphian Linnton
 "Oh, pickles."
 Naomi Bunnell Delphian St. Helens
 "Yes, hun."
 Rayma Brown Vespertine Dallas
 "Ray."

Dorothy Busick Vespertine Union
 "Now, girls."
 Eulalia Butler Delphian Monmouth
 "It will be fine."
 Mrs. Nettie Bowen Delphian Monmouth
 "Oh, my!"
 Hope Branstator Delphian Astoria
 "That's like my baby brother."

Elsie Canterbury Delphian Monmouth
 "Isn't that like a kid?"
 Pearl Conkey Delphian Monmouth
 "Oh, this Primary art."
 Alice Curry Delphian Coquille
 "Oh, it's too awful."
 Lena Crump Delphian Portland
 "I'll sing if you insist."

Letitia Capell Delphian Portland
 "Wasn't that nice."
 Lucile Dilley Delphian Goshen
 "Oh, Lordy."
 Hazel Conner Delphian Mikkalo
 Clara Case Vespertine Hillsboro
 "You little dickens."

Clare Chapman Swastika Cottage Grove
 "Is that so?"
 Leslie Clemo Swastika Molalla
 "Who's got a mirror?"
 Beatrice Cole Delphian Tualatin
 "Heavens to Betsy."
 Alice Collard Delphian Salem
 "Now, I don't know about that."



Earl ConditSwastika.....Vernonia
 "Aw, I'm tired."
 Verna CrowellDelphian.....Portland
 "Oh, for heavens sake."
 Donald DavisSwastika.....Newberg
 "Come on, go up to the 'Dorm' with me."
 Minerva DewDelphian.....St. Helens
 "Oh, kids, listen."

Joan DemingDelphian.....La Pine
 "Really?"
 Audry DuckworthVespertine.....Mikkalo
 "Oh, say, don't tell me that."
 Ottie May DuggerDelphian.....Boring
 "Oh, fiddlesticks."
 Ruth ElliottDelphian.....Gresham
 "I guess so."

Golda ElliottVespertine.....Portland
 "Oh, sho-it."
 Velma EllisDelphian.....Portland
 "That's the life."
 Gladys EndicottDelphian.....Portland
 "Say, I don't know what's the matter with me."
 Alice EatonDelphian.....La Pine
 "Oh, dear."

Elizabeth EnrightDelphian.....Eugene
 "Betty."
 Alice EnquistVespertine.....Portland
 "That's the stuff."
 Agatha EsseweinDelphian.....Portland
 "Oh, my soul."
 Neal EdwardsSwastika.....Monmouth
 "Oh, you old blister."

Reta EllisDelphian.....Portland
 "It's fattening."
 Ellen EnstromDelphian.....Vernonia
 "Quite too bad."
 Josephine ElliottDelphian.....Wallowa
 "You've got me."
 Ethel FenwickDelphian.....Jordan Valley
 "I'll try."



Velma Felton Delphian St. Helens
 "Vel."
 Harriet Farrell Delphian Billings, Montana
 "Wasn't that the best ever."
 Harriet Fisher Vespertine McMinnville
 "Harry."
 Bernice Ferris Delphian Portland
 "Oh, shoot."

Reva Finley Vespertine Hoskins
 "That makes me sick."
 Eleanor Furney Vespertine Astoria
 "How very interesting."
 Marian Fulkerson Delphian Seaside
 "Where's Inez?"
 Emily Foster Vespertine Portland
 "What did you say?"

Alice Fenwick Delphian Jordan Valley
 "Yes, wasn't it?"
 Iona Gardiner Delphian North Powder
 "How nice."
 Aletha Gray Delphian Gold Hill
 "Lee."
 Mildred Duke Vespertine Lake View
 "It wasn't little Willie."

Daisy Graap Delphian Portland
 "Gee! It was great."
 Ethel Grant Delphian Dallas
 "I'll say so."
 Gladys Grocock Delphian Portland
 "Kids."
 May Gross Vespertine Yoncalla
 "Now what would you like to find out?"

Ethel Gross Vespertine Yoncalla
 "Pull in your little neck."
 Mary Gilbert Delphian Albany
 "It sure was funny."
 Jane Hadley Vespertine Sheridan
 "Oh, girls, I got a new diet."
 Ethel Hadley Vespertine Sheridan
 "Dear me."



Freda Hammel Delphian Webb City, Missouri
 "All right, I will."
 Emma Hansen Delphian Gardiner
 "Oh, this way."
 Carla Hansen Delphian Milton
 "Shut that door."
 Argyl Harris Vespertine Salem
 "Isn't there another way?"

Elmer Halstead Swastika Portland
 "Golly, said the rabbit."
 Myrtle Hillstrom Vespertine Hood River
 "I think so."
 Doris Henry Vespertine Monmouth
 "Oh, my land."
 Helen Hansen Vespertine Silverton
 "I didn't either."

Lenora Hubbell Delphian Cottage Grove
 "Uh-huh."
 Lillie May Hunt Vespertine Kerby
 "She's crazy."
 Mae Horton Delphian Riddle
 "Where's my handkerchief?"
 Ethel Jackman Delphian Dayton
 "Yes, surely."

Dena Johannis Vespertine Portland
 "I guess so."
 Irene Hollenbeck Vespertine Portland
 "Good morning."
 Bessie Hatton Vespertine Carver
 "It was great."
 Leona Hearing Vespertine Haines
 "Ain't she cunning?"

Marian Hendricks Delphian McMinnville
 "Well, we do try."
 Dorothy Henman Vespertine Bend
 "Oh dear."
 Anona Hodgen Vespertine Milton
 "The poor dumbbell."
 Hyla Hurd Vespertine Eugene
 "Oh, kid!"



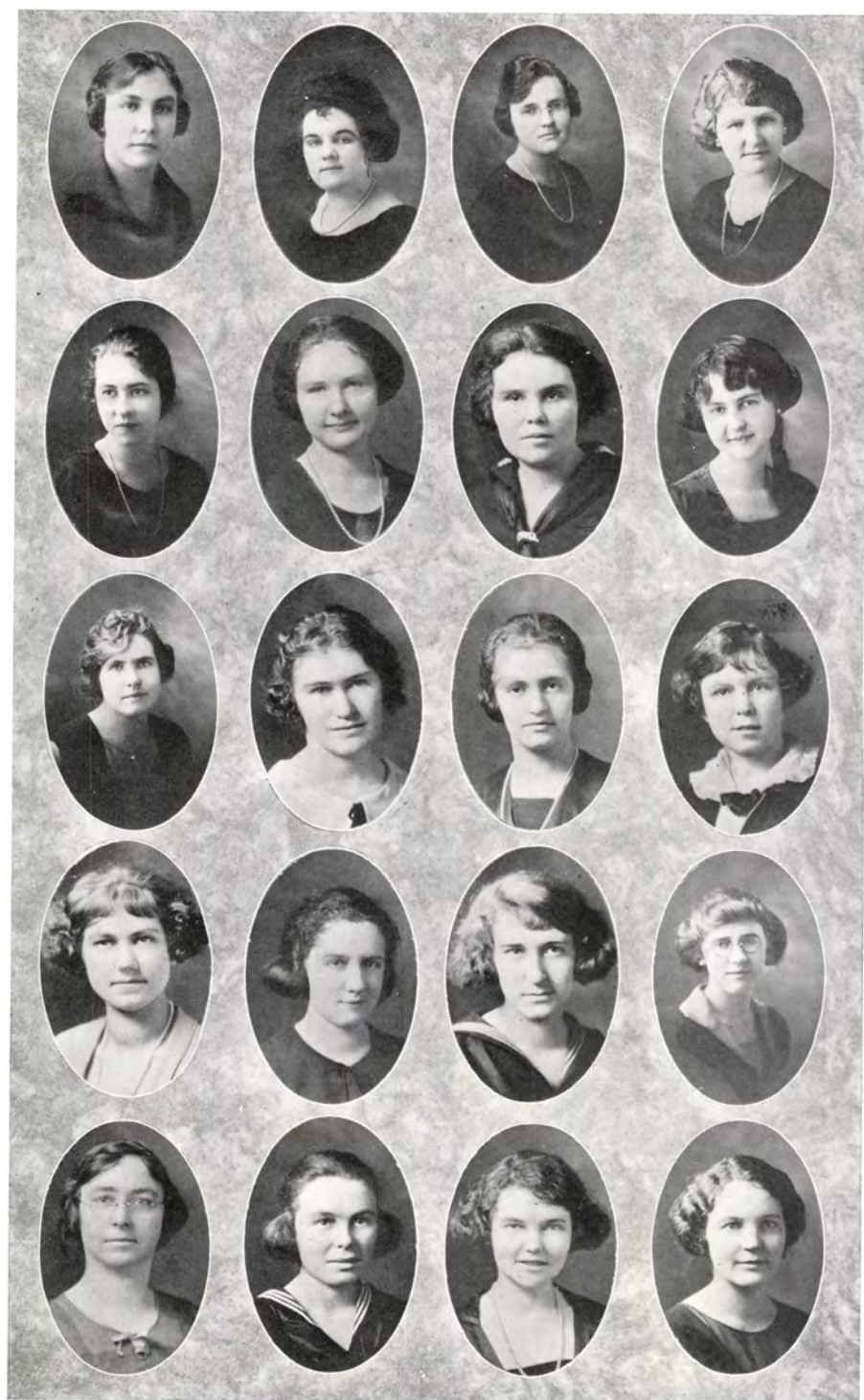
Fern Hays	Delphian	Independence
"Yes—and no."		
Anna Henricks	Vespertine	Independence
"Well now."		
Frank Hostetter	Swastika	Woodburn
"Yes, I think that's just fine."		
Grace Hendrickson	Vespertine	Astoria
"Land sakes."		

Doris Henry	Delphian	Monmouth
"Oh gosh."		
Anna Jackson	Vespertine	Ridgefield, Washington
"Oh! no."		
Helen Jobs	Vespertine	Falls City
"Good enough!"		
Ruth Johnson	Delphian	Alicel
"Oh gee, I hate to get up."		

Eileen Keeline	Delphian	Grants Pass
"Gosh! it's cold."		
Cleone Kurtz	Delphian	Perrydale
"Go ahead and see if I care."		
Eva Kraus	Vespertine	Aurora
"That?"		
Pearl Krause	Delphian	Sherwood
"Oh, sugar!"		

Katherine Knox	Vespertine	Grants Pass
"My brother Bud."		
Alma Lange	Vespertine	Scappoose
"Good night."		
Dollie Lawrence	Delphian	Vale
"Oh, land!"		
Sheirine Lloyd	Delphian	Portland
"Oh, la! la!"		

Esther Lindloff	Vespertine	Portland
"That's good."		
Abbie Long	Vespertine	Harrisburg
"Oh! I know it."		
Orpha Kleckner	Vespertine	Westport
"What do you know about that?"		
Eleanor Lindberg	Vespertine	Portland
"Dear, no."		



Wilda Huggerth Vespertine..... Kerby
 "That's me all over."
 Vadura Kizer Vespertine..... Harrisburg
 "Well, good night."
 Gladys Malmsten Vespertine..... Vernonia
 "It makes it more friendly."
 Elsie Mayfield Delphian..... Portland
 "Ain't we got."

Helen Maxwell Vespertine Portland
 "Thank you."
 Susan Mahaffy Vespertine Marshfield
 "That's me!"
 Rita Masters Vespertine..... St. Helens
 "The poor hick."
 Bearl Meisinger Delphian..... Sheridan
 "Why, hello."

Ruth Minier Vespertine Monmouth
 "What do you think about it?"
 Mertie Miles Vespertine Union
 "Oh, isn't that cute."
 Berma Wagner Vespertine..... Forest Grove
 "Here we are."
 Marian McClure Delphian Livingston, Montana
 "Oh, aren't you good to me?"

Ruth Myers Delphian..... Portland
 "Oh, baby!"
 Winifred Mellinger Delphian..... St. Helens
 "Gosh, kid."
 Verna Mayfield Delphian..... Portland
 "Oh, isn't that thrilling!"
 Evelyn Mortimore Vespertine..... Pendleton
 "I rather favor the idea."

Mrs. Nettie Medesker Vespertine..... Joseph
 "My land!"
 Hattie Mueller Vespertine Tagent
 "You poor prune."
 Dorothy Mueller Delphian..... Portland
 "You said it."
 Ethel Nelson Delphian..... Glendale
 "Heck."



Mark Naugle	Swastika.....	Portland
"Well, that could be so."		
Lottie Netter	Vespertine.....	Aurora
"Aw! quit."		
Mildred Neely	Delphian.....	Coquille
"Wait a minute."		
Myrtle Neely	Delphian.....	Coquille
"Come on."		

Mary Miller	Delphian.....	Portland
"Come and see me."		
Viola Nelson	Vespertine.....	Bacona
"Vi"		
Elva Nissen	Delphian	Independence
"Well, I'd like to know!"		
Thelma Koppang	Delphian.....	Salem
"Wait till I powder my nose."		

Amy Ogle	Vespertine	Lakeview
"Me for him, when he grows up."		
Rose Nitzel	Delphian	Shedd
"It's a long way to Independence."		
Elvira Olson	Vespertine	Marshfield
"Gee, I laughed."		
Mrs. Zella Oestreich	Vespertine	Portland
"You dear people."		

Eleanor Otto	Delphian	Enterprise
"Gee! It was great."		
Nida Patrick	Vespertine	Hermiston
"Ain't it grand?"		
Gladys Pennington	Vespertine	Portland
"Oh, raspberries!"		
Edna Pope	Delphian.....	Portland
"Can't tell that."		

Alice Porter	Delphian.....	Washtucna, Wash.
"Oh, dear."		
Ella Pellatz	Vespertine.....	Aurora
"Now don't you tell."		
Juanita Pettibone	Delphian.....	Corvallis
"Got your public speaking?"		
Lily Pollard	Delphian.....	Canyon City
"Excuse me for living."		



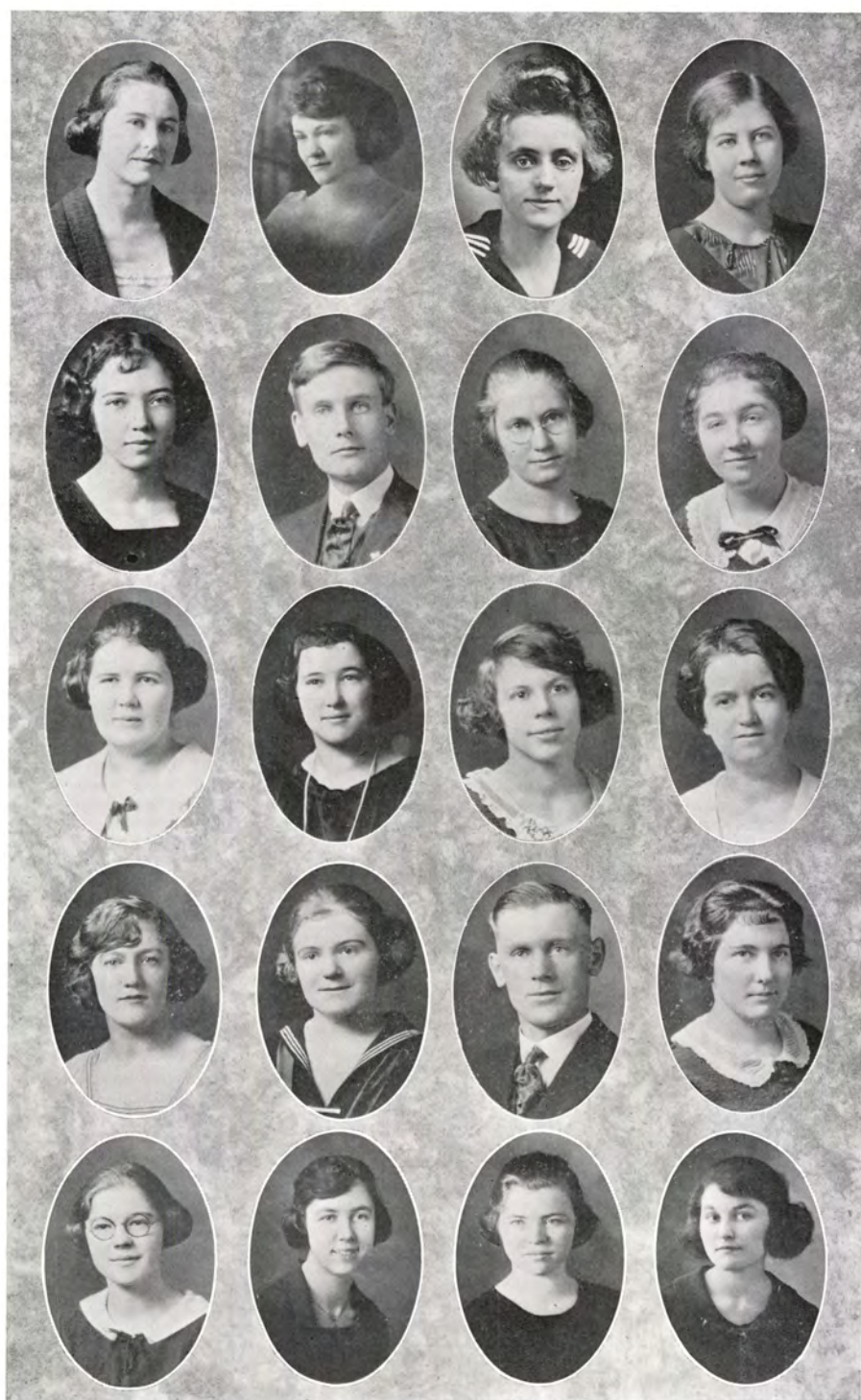
Truman Pease	Swastika	Cove
"I know what it is, but I can't say it."		
Bernice Smith Holmes	Vespertine	Portland
"Well, but listen."		
Hildur Peterson	Delphian	St. Helens
"Oh! prune juice."		
Ruth Pettit	Vespertine	Salem
"Say, little one."		

Adele Pilkaer	Delphian	Portland
"Very well indeed."		
Mattie Pratt	Delphian	Enterprise
"I should say not."		
Harold Price	Swastika	Monmouth
"Sure."		
Verna Powell	Vespertine	Lakeview
"Golly! Is that the breakfast bell?"		

Floy Potter	Delphian	La Pine
"Look at the weather."		
Charlotte Price	Vespertine	Portland
"What time is it?"		
Margaret Plock	Delphian	Portland
"How's life?"		
Dorothy Perkins	Delphian	Portland
"So sorry."		

Gladys Paul	Vespertine	Falls City
"Surely it is."		
Olga Noble	Delphian	Portland
"Let's do our best."		
Alvilda Blevins	Delphian	Albany
"Make it snappy."		
Ruth Henderson	Vespertine	Portland
"What shall I say if she calls on me?"		

Ruth Brown	Delphian	Island City
"Come on home, Alfonzo."		
Ruth Reynolds	Vespertine	Hood River
"Hey, wait a minute."		
Bernice Richards	Vespertine	Yoncalla
"Oh, joy!"		
Glenda Ross	Vespertine	Brownsville
"Oh, conscience!"		



Alva Rewey Vespertine Rainier
 "It's a scream."
 Clara Rasche Vespertine Woodburn
 "Well, why?"
 Armillia Rood Vespertine Sheridan
 "Good night."
 Hazel Robinson Vespertine Monmouth
 "Oh, good land."

Frances Randelin Delphian Portland
 "Did you get yours?"
 James Henderson Swastika Portland
 "Yes, certainly."
 Rose Shaad Vespertine Newberg
 "Oh, gee!"
 Lucy Spittle Delphian Astoria
 "Ay yust came over."

Claire Say Delphian Sherwood
 "Oh, girls, I'd give anything to reduce."
 Alice Smith Delphian Portland
 "Goodie!"
 Gladys Snyder Vespertine Lakeview
 "Girls, there's a man!"
 Mrs. Emma Seth Vespertine Sheridan
 "Oh, dear."

Olive Stevenson Vespertine Lakeview
 "I nearly passed out."
 Ida Schuelke Vespertine Rickreall
 "That's nice."
 Ralph Swett Swastika Wampa, Idaho
 "Oh, gosh!"
 Elizabeth Snyder Vespertine Portland
 "Oh boy, I'm right there."

Bernice Stewart Delphian Monmouth
 "Good ball."
 Lucy Smith Vespertine Scappoose
 "That isn't good for you, girl."
 Florence Schnedaker Vespertine Lebanon
 "In a minute."
 Gertrude Schrunk Vespertine Brownsville
 "Gertie."



Leslie Smith	Swastika	Newberg
"Oh, my land!"		
Mrs. Nina Smith	Vespertine	Newberg
"Listen, pal."		
Jean Spencer	Delphian	Portland
"Fine for you."		
Susanne Stockton	Vespertine	Hillsboro
"Isn't he cute?"		
Thyra Staats	Delphian	Monmouth
"I'm tired."		
Catherine Sutherland	Vespertine	Clatskanie
"There's nothing quite like."		
Nona Sharp	Vespertine	New Bridge
"Why, hello."		
Phyllis Smith	Vespertine	Sherwood
"Say, guy."		
Inez Stafford	Delphian	Seaside
"There is lots of time."		
Marelda Sturgill	Vespertine	Union
"You're spoofing me."		
Thelma Sunderland	Delphian	Portland
"Glory be!"		
Gladys Snyder	Vespertine	Lake View
"Hello, there."		
Olive Stevens	Vespertine	Lakeview
"I can't be bothered."		
Beatrice Swanson	Vespertine	Portland
"Well!"		
Frances Thompson	Vespertine	Bend
"Well, yes."		
Marie Talbot	Delphian	Klamath Falls
"Mice and mumps."		
Leta Tiedeman	Delphian	Oregon City
"Well, good night."		
Lela Tiedeman	Delphian	Oregon City
"Oh, dear."		
Gladys Tremayne	Vespertine	Barlow
"Isn't it pretty?"		
Gladys Triplitt	Delphian	Yamhill
"Tripy."		



Margaret Tallman	Vespertine	Klamath Falls
"Come on, let's speed."		
Dora Thompson	Vespertine	Nyssa
"For the love of Peter Mud."		
Margaret Tweedie	Vespertine	Woodburn
"How could that be?"		
Helen Kihs	Delphian	Jefferson
"Why—"		
Velma Felton	Delphian	St. Helens
"Vel."		
Pansy Van Housen	Delphian	Alicel
"Gee, girls, I've got a letter."		
Averyl Weed	Vespertine	Portland
"If I won't fix 'em good and proper."		
Hazel Wells	Vespertine	Portland
"You bet!"		
Margaret Wiens	Vespertine	Salem
"Surely."		
Esther Weisblatt	Vespertine	Portland
"thought I'd die."		
Mrs. Beatrice Watkins	Vespertine	Florence
"Really, girls."		
Marian Ward	Vespertine	Glenada
"Isn't that darling!"		
Eulalia Westfall	Vespertine	Yoncalla
"The day was lovely."		
Naomi Wallace	Vespertine	Sweet Home
"What say?"		
Lily Wagner	Vespertine	Forest Grove
"Thanks so much."		
Nell Weinstein	Vespertine	Portland
"Don't kid the undertaker."		
Leota Wilson	Delphian	Yoncalla
"Dearie me!"		
Neva Satterlee	Delphian	Oregon City
"Oh, shoot."		
Hildred Wright	Vespertine	Westpoint
"Yes, dearie."		
Saimia Wnori	Vespertine	Astoria
"Oh, be quiet."		



Margaret Ackerman Delphian Drain
 "I don't want to nag."
 Lorena Wright Delphian Portland
 "All right, old dear."
 Thelma Williams Vespertine Independence
 "Cat's waist-coat."
 Olga Wold Vespertine Portland
 "Oh, for land's sakes!"

Joyce Wood Delphian Princeton, Cal.
 "Oh, that's interesting."
 Albert Yoder Swastika Hubbard
 "Oh, my gosh!"
 Edna Ziniker Delphian Creswell
 "Oh, potato!"
 Audrey Fowler Delphian Linslow
 "That's great!"

Thelma Thompson Delphian Portland
 "Yes, honey."
 Susan Haulenbeck Vespertine Portland
 "If I can—surely."
 Florence Henry Delphian Monmouth
 "All right."
 Leona Harmon Delphian Sheridan
 "This is fine."

Vida Seely Delphian Wilsonville
 "Jimminy Christmas!"
 Fay Caspell Vespertine Salem
 "Oh! Daddy!"
 Herma Pfister Vespertine Portland
 "Oh! that public speaking."
 Mildred Scroggins Delphian Albee
 "Oh, the music!"

Eleise Hinkle Delphian Portland
 "Come see us sometime."
 Thelma Wheeler Delphian Trent
 "Was it?"
 Lillian Leonard Vespertine Cottage Grove
 "Good night."
 Alice Wendland Vespertine Salem
 "Was that it?"

REVERIE

From a tiny treasured frame
Which each moment I can see,
Looks the ideal of my dreams,
So demurely, charming me.

Coils of comely, silvered hair,
Crowning glory, fairy sheen;
Eyes of deep and wondrous blue
Tell the beauty of my queen.

Small and sweet and gentle too,
Virtues all about recline;
All artistic through and through,
Beauty bows before her shrine.

Dainty ruffles frilling out,
Pink as apple blossom time;
When she's near I have no doubt
Fairy bells so sweetly chime.

Parasol from far Japan
Adds a grace both rare and fine;
Find a fairer if you can
Than this Lady Love of mine!

Evermore that picture fair,
Lovely one with eyes of blue,
Makes me happy all the day,
Telling silently of you.



STUDENT BODY

In answering the question, "What makes a school?" a faculty member has said: "Buildings, campus, faculty"—yes, only they are but the accessories, for the heart of the school is the driving force of the school spirit manifested by a unified, cooperative, dynamic student body—such as characterizes the student body of 1922-23.

Regular student body meetings are held every two weeks and serve as a clearing house for all business concerning student activities. During the latter part of the spring term the officers for the fall term are elected and they hold office during the first half of the school year. In January another election is held and the officers for the second half of the year are elected.

Burton Bell.....	President (first and second term)
Jane Gunn.....	Vice President (first term)
May Burgoyne	Vice President (second term)
Carolyn Berry.....	Secretary (first and second term)
Barbara Hixson.....	Song Leader (first and second term)



Bell, Burgoyne, Hixson, Berry

Happenings of the School Year

- Sept. 25 Registration for Fall term
- Oct. 6 Society Initiations and Reception
- Oct. 7 Motion Picture, "The Hands of Nara"
- Oct. 13 Chapel Speaker, Fred W. Lockley
- Oct. 20 Motion Picture, "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"
- Oct. 21 Senior Dancing Party in the Gymnasium
- Oct. 27 Chapel Speaker, Dr. Wm. Dunsmore
Society—Delphian, Hallowe'en Program
- Oct. 28 Motion Picture, "Bachelor Daddy"
- Nov. 3 Motion Picture, "Nice People"
- Nov. 4 Junior Dance
- Nov. 7 Nevada Vanderveer and Reed Miller, Singers—Lyceum
- Nov. 8 Chapel Speaker, Geo. H. Himes, Secretary Oregon Historical Society
Society—Vespertine Program, Indian Summer
- Nov. 11 Morning—Program. Afternoon—Social Hour.
Evening—Motion Picture, "Manslaughter"
- Nov. 24 Society—Delphian Program, Thanksgiving
- Nov. 25 Thanksgiving Dance
- Nov. 28 Mr. Hall, Readings of Riley, 8:15
- Nov. 30 Motion Picture, "While Satan Sleeps"
- Dec. 2 Motion Picture, "To Have and to Hold"
- Dec. 6 Chapel Speakers, Dean E. Fox DeCou; Richard Montague
- Dec. 8 Society—Vespertine Program
- Dec. 9 Motion Picture, "Grandma's Boy"
- Dec. 13 Benefit for W. C. T. U. Children's Home
- Dec. 14 Chapel Hour—President Lander's Talk on "Evolution"
- Dec. 15 Motion Picture, "The Old Homestead"
- Dec. 16 Christmas Dance
- Dec. 21 Oregon Normal School Glee Club Concert
- Dec. 22 School dismissed
- Dec. 28 O. S. T. A.
- Jan. 2 Registration for Winter term
Motion Picture, "The Cowboy and the Lady"
- Jan. 12 Chapel Talk, P. R. L. & P. Co.—"Romance of a Raindrop"
- Jan. 13 Motion Picture, "The Young Rajah"
- Jan. 18 Chapel Speaker, John Gill
- Jan. 19 Motion Picture, "Dr. Jack"
- Jan. 20 Senior Dance
- Jan. 27 Motion Picture, "When Knighthood Was in Flower"
- Feb. 2 Society—Vespertine, Valentine Vaudeville
- Feb. 3 Student Body Party, "Merritime"
- Feb. 8 Chapel Speaker, Ann Shannon Monroe
- Feb. 9 Motion Picture, "Pride of Palomar"
- Feb. 10 Swastika Co-ed
- Feb. 13 Ephabian Program, White Elephant
- Feb. 15 Miss Alice Kim and Miss Ruth Creed, Chapel speakers
- Feb. 16 Motion Picture, "The Dictator"
- Feb. 17 Motion Picture, "The Flirt"

- Feb. 22 Motion Picture, "Esquimaux Life"
Feb. 23 Society—Delphian Program, Washington
Feb. 24 Junior Dance
Mar. 2 Lecture, Thomas Skeyhill
Mar. 3 Junior Play, "Golden Days"
Mar. 9 Motion Picture, "The Headless Horseman"
Mar. 10 Student Body Dance
Mar. 14 Willamette Glee Club
Mar. 15 Senior Party
Mar. 16 Society—Vespertine, St. Patrick
Mar. 17 Closed
Mar. 21 End of Winter term
Mar. 22 Motion Picture
Mar. 24 Motion Picture, "Over the Hill"
Mar. 26 Opening of Spring term
Opera—"Cosi fan tutti"
Mar. 30 Motion Picture, "Racing Hearts"
April 4 Lyceum, Maurice Browne Players
April 6 Society—Vespertine-Delphian Program
April 13 Motion Picture
April 14 Junior Dance
April 20 Co-ed Party
April 27 Motion Picture
May 4 Junior Week End
May 5 Senior Dance, May Day
May 11 Motion Picture
May 19 Motion Picture
May 25 Motion Picture
June 2 Motion Picture
June 9 President's Breakfast to Seniors; Junior Prom.
June 10 Baccalaureate
June 11 Faculty Reception to Seniors, Alumni, Friends
Senior Class Play
June 12 Last Chapel; Alumni Banquet
June 13 Commencement

HAPPENINGS OF THE YEAR

OVERTIME!
PAY AND ONE-HALF



?



COURT SCENE

ANSWER THE GENTLEMAN



THE HEAVENLY CHOIR OF O.N.S.



HOMeward BOUND
FROM THE SHOW



SOME OF THE GIRLS HAD
THE BEST TIME IN ROOM 10

TRANSFORMATION IN A GENTLE WAY



Gladys E. Endicott



Hinkle, Tow, Murphy, Detmering, Berry
Condit, Hammel, Johnson, Burgoyne, Bates, Bell

Student Council

In April 1914 student body government was introduced into the Oregon Normal School. The student council was created at this time, its purpose being to advise and help the students in self government.

The council aims to aid students to think for themselves in matters of personal conduct and to act as an advisor to the student body when the rules concerning different student activities are being made by that organization.

There are five departments under control of the council, the chairman of each of these departments being chosen from this body early in the first quarter.

Each class chooses four representatives to act on this council. The Student Body vice-president presides as chairman; the president and secretary of the Student Body are ex-officio members.

The members of the Council for the fall term were: Jane Gunn, president; Carolyn Berry, secretary; Burton Bell (ex-officio), Anne Tow (society), Agnes Kathryn Murphy (finance), Elizabeth Johnson (oratory and debate), Sophia Detmering, Eliese Hinkle, Freda Hammel, Cathryn Bates (publication), Earl Condit (athletics).

The winter term May Burgoyne was elected vice-president of the Student Body. She then became president of the Council.



Randolph, Wall, Hattan, McCornack, Stafford, Edwards, Cole, Denham

Better O. N. S.

Kenneth Wall, president; Alice Comstock, vice-president; Helen Denham, secretary; Vida Cole, Helen McCornack, Anne Hendrickson, Kathleen Skinner, Neal Edwards, Thelma Eiler, Inez Stafford, Mrs. Randolph, Dorothy Smith, Bessie Hattan.

After having worked faithfully for two years, the Better O. N. S. Committee was made a permanent student organization in the fall of 1921.

This year the organization consists of thirteen members elected as representation from the Dormitory, Senior Cottage, Junior Honor House, and the houses in town where the ever-increasing number of students live this year. In all things pertaining to a better Normal School! it stands ready and willing to accept the responsibilities connected therewith and carry them on to their full realization in high and lofty standards. "Lofty Standards" is its motto; all its work is begun and finished with this aim always in view.

The committee organized a few weeks after the opening of school last fall and after electing their officers, began working for the betterment of the school. Every effort has been made this year to help our Normal School become better known through the state. Let us hope that future committees will catch this vision of idealism, and may they never falter in that glorious work.

"A Better O. N. S."



Randelin, Spittle, Smith, Thompson, Christianson, Harnisch, Ingram
Cole, Muir

Delphian

The Delphian society, one of the two societies for women, has been a factor for both entertainment and instruction at the Oregon Normal School. The programs have been varied and appropriate to the dates on which they were given.

The officers for the fall term were: Mary Cole, president; Lavina Galloway, vice-president; Lydia Christianson, secretary; Mary Harnisch, treasurer; Nell Ingram, sergeant-at-arms, and Ruth Purdy, reporter.

The officers for the winter term were: Estella Muir, president; Mary Cole, vice-president; Frances Randelin, secretary; Alice Smith, treasurer; Thelma Thompson, sergeant-at-arms, and Lucy Spittle, reporter.

FRANCES RANDELIN, Secretary.

Coue Club

Motto: "Every day in every way we are growing better and better."

Organized January 19, 1923, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McElmurry, the following officers were elected: Miss Eleanor Otto, president, and Mrs. Beatrice Watkins, secretary-treasurer.

A Hallowe'en party given on October 29 by the members of the house, and on January 8, a kimono party given in room two, when ghost stories and refreshments served, comprised the activities of the club.

The McElmurry home was opened to students September 25, 1922.



Douglas, Gravos, Lamer, Puddy, Thompson, Glanz
Barnum, Kidby

Vespertine

There can be no two opinions about the progress of the Vespertine Society during the past year. With an increased enrollment of enthusiastic members, many programs and social events have been given, happily crowned with success. A great deal of the success has been due to Miss Darrah, the faculty advisor.

The officers for the fall term were as follows: Alethea Kidby, president; Hallie Puddy, vice-president; Cora Douglas, secretary; Mabel Lamer, treasurer; Hazel Morley, sergeant-at-arms; Frances Court, reporter.

Those for the winter term were as follows: Marian Barnum, president; Ruth Nixon, vice-president; May Burgoyne, secretary; Anne Hendrickson, treasurer; Clara Gravos, sergeant-at-arms; Mary Thompson, reporter.

MARY THOMPSON, Reporter.

White Hall

Thirty-seven girls made White Hall their home during the first six weeks of summer school in 1922; during the second half there were fewer than that. The house was organized at the beginning of the fall term and Alvilda Blevins was elected president.

An event remembered with pleasure was the "dress up" party, February 15. Advance styles from Timbuctoo and Irkhutsk, "Gathering of the Nuts," the Tango, the "Legend of the Willow Tree," "Lochinvar" and a pantomime, called forth approving applause.

Dinner parties were given by several groups during the year.

RUTH McCORKLE, '23, Reporter.



Grabhorn, Gentle, Wall, Price, Evans

The Swastika Club

The Swastika Club started the year right by electing some capable officers. After looking over the "gang" Everett Evans was chosen as president, as he seemed to be the best looking man in the crowd. Owing to Burcham's superior speaking ability, he defeated his opponent for vice-president. "Andy Gump" Wall seemed the most honest in the club so he was given the job as secretary and treasurer. However, he resigned later on account of holding another office and Mr. Grabhorn was elected to fill the vacancy. He proved a very successful treasurer, for at the end of the term the books showed a balance of 54 cents. One look at Halstead's feet elected him as sergeant-at-arms. Each meeting found him with his feet against the door. "They shall not pass," he said.

Our first social event of the year was a co-ed party at Mr. Butler's residence. It was a cruel occasion, in the main a great success. Games, dancing and brilliant conversation made all who were there come away feeling that the world is O. K. after all. The ladies are also to be commended for their enthusiasm and eagerness to get dates for this event.

Mr. Oleman was appointed chairman of a committee with Mr. Halstead and Mr. Lord, to design and get a club banner manufactured. The work was done with great efficiency and the Swastika emblem now adorns the men's cloak room.

New officers were elected for the second term at Mr. Butler's on February 1, 1923. The evening began with a stag party which was succeeded by a business meeting and refreshments. Mr. Grabhorn was elected president. Mr. Gentle was unanimously elected vice-president. Harold Price was favored with the secretaryship and Leonard Kaup was chosen sergeant-at-arms.

Parliamentary law, political fervor and long senatorial debates rang through the hall during the meeting. Bob Oleman, with his superior knowledge of "Roberts' Rules of Order," succeeded in amending every motion which was proposed during the evening. Mr. Bert Evans told some choice stories and all new members were called upon by the president to give an initiative address. Mr. Gunn's and Mr. Ayres' speeches glistened with fine stories and apt figures.

The meeting adjourned after various business details were settled, and after bidding our host farewell we happily returned to our respective domiciles to commune once more with the great god Morpheus.

E. H. H.



Wilcox, Bennie, V. Chandler, Weinstein, Shrunk

The Ephabian Club

The Ephabian Club is composed of all persons who are majoring in Physical Education. It was organized the latter part of November. At present there are seventeen members. The purpose of this organization is to better acquaint those who are in the field of Physical Education with the problems they will be confronted with, and also to promote Physical Education at Oregon Normal. At each meeting of the club there is some topic discussed either by the members as a whole or by some individual. Also for those members who have some question they wish to have answered, a "question box" has been instituted. Those who desire to obtain some information along the lines of Physical Education, etc., deposit their questions here and the president assigns these to different members, to be answered at the following meeting.

This club has been active for the time in which it has been organized. The members have held three "hot dog" sales at the last three basketball games. The proceeds will be used to buy hockey sticks for the club. On January 13 the members enjoyed a hike to Rickreall.

The officers of the Ephabian Club are: Dorothy Bennie, president; Catherine Wilcox, vice-president; Gertrude Shrunk, secretary and treasurer; Nell Weinstein, sergeant-at-arms and reporter.

NELL WEINSTEIN, Reporter.



Vaughan Bowman
Sloop Willis Lawson

The Commercial Club

Although the Commercial Club is but a new organization in the Oregon Normal School, it has proved to be one of the liveliest and most up-to-date. Since the election of officers which was held the first part of the fall term, there has been a large increase in membership.

The officers are as follows: Ruth Willis, president; Margaret Lawson, vice-president; Fred Vaughan, secretary-treasurer; Flora Sloop, reporter.

The aim of the club is to boost the Commercial department of the school and if the department continues to grow as it has in the recent past, the members of this club will feel their efforts have indeed been worth while and each member will feel happy to know that he had a part in boosting for the betterment of the club.

The first social event was held in the gymnasium the first part of November. It was just a general get-together party and a variety of games were played. Light refreshments consisting of doughnuts and cider were served, but perhaps the most interesting and enjoyable part of it all was the race between Miss Syp and Earl Condit to see who could eat the greatest number of doughnuts and drink the most cider in a specified time. Another social event of the club was a Valentine masquerade party held in the gymnasium.

With the large membership and the unusual amount of enthusiasm that each member has shown this year, one is justified in feeling that if this splendid spirit is continued there will be no doubt whatever about the future success of the Commercial department of this school.

ANNE TOW.



Bennette McDevitt Kreuder Aldrich
Eiler Endicott A. Brenton Coleman

The Art Club

Margaret McDevitt, president; Gladys Endicott, secretary-treasurer; Miss Brenton, faculty advisor; Miss Campbell, honorary member.

The Art Club was organized in January, 1923, with eight charter members. The club fortunately secured Miss Brenton as faculty advisor and Miss Campbell as an honorary member.

This organization met a growing need among the art special girls for a broader general conception of the field of art and an insight into work not given in the regular drawing courses.

Much pleasure, as well as individual development in this chosen field, is anticipated from hikes and outdoor sketching trips. Eligibility consists of talent in art, a genuine appreciation of artistic values, and a lively interest in educational possibilities of this special kind of work.

EDITH V. COLEMAN, Reporter.

The Shifters and S. T. B.

The organization write-up would be incomplete without a reminder of that all-inclusive group, "The Shifters." Wear long your badge, oh members!

Then the S. T. B.?

There has been much speculation as to the significance of the conspicuous "hardware" appearing on a great many of the "gang" from the "third floor back." One might suppose from the letters that it has something to do with scrubbing and tubs, and so indirectly it is an organization to work for a purer and cleaner O. N. S. The loud knockings are presumably for the purpose of knocking down cobwebs and stray particles of dust. This worthy organization may well be lauded by the school.



The Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club plays quite an important role in all the important functions of the Oregon Normal School.

At Christmas they, with the Men's Quartet, gave a very inspirational sacred concert. The Glee Club as a whole sang several choruses, and the Girls' Triple Quartet, a mixed quartet, the Dorm Trio, and the Men's Quartet, each gave several splendid numbers. With Mrs. J. S. Landers as soloist, all felt the concert was one of unusual merit. It would indeed be hard to forget the beautiful way in which the Triple Quartet chanted "Holy Night" in the darkness.

On Armistice day, also, this Triple Quartet rendered several numbers which perpetuated the spirit of the day.

This spring marks the climax of all its musical activities, when the Glee Club sings "The Seasons," by Haydn.

Commencement day would not radiate the spirit it does, were the Glee Club not a part of the program. May Day would also lose part of its charm for the girls herald the Queen with song. Visitors then enjoy hearing the girls sing, for they are one of the best choruses in the Northwest, due to the master leadership of Miss H. Moore and Miss J. Peterson.

The Glee Club officers are: Ruth Williams, president; Helen Michaelson, secretary-treasurer.



Halstead

Wall

Pease

Hostetler

Men's Quartet

The personnel of the Men's Quartet is: Elmer Halstead, Kenneth Wall, Frank Hostetler and Truman Pease. Under the direction of Miss Moore, the debut of this group on Armistice Day was followed by good work in the concert and the carols rendered for the Christmas party at the dormitory.

Mixed Quartet

The Mixed Quartet, organized in November, aided materially in the success of the Christmas concert, rendering "Fear Not, I Bring Good Tidings," "Song of the Angels" and "The Babe of Bethlehem." It is composed of Lena Crump, Mary Cole, Helen Michaelson, Marion Dunlop, Elmer Halstead, Kenneth Wall, Truman Pease and Frank Hostetler.

Triple Quartet

The Triple Quartet, composed of Lena Crump, Helen Michaelson, Alice Aldrich, Mary Cole, Alice Peterson, Juanita Wolf, Helen Gronholm, Marian Dunlop, Hazel May Loucks, Estella Muir, Mrs. Raine, and Bearl Meisinger, made its first appearance on Armistice Day. They sang "When the Great Red Dawn Is Shining" and "Swing Along." At the Christmas concert they sang very effectively the old favorite "Silent Night" and "Hark! the Glad Sound."

Trio

The Trio is composed of dormitory girls, Lena Crump, Alice Aldrich and Estella Muir. It will be remembered for the "Song of Gifts." Remember?

"Here's a wooly dog for Miss Todd, for Miss Todd.

What for President and Mrs. Landers? Wait and see!

A big Christmas tree for their great family

Of six hundred forty students and a first rate faculty."



Orchestra

The Oregon Normal School can well be proud of its orchestra. The efficient directing by Miss Helen Moore and the cooperation of its members has made it one of the best of student activities.

The orchestra has played at all the important events of the school year, including Armistice Day, Junior Play, Senior Play and Commencement.

The members are: First Violinists—Mary Cole, Gertrude Rogers, Bob Oleman, Mildred Scott, Elna Ausplund, Leola Davidson, Flora Sloop; Clarinet—Maybelle Bennette; Trombone—Minnie Bennette; Cello—Thelma Williams; Cornets—Elvira Houston, Cecil Poole, Mr. Davis, Fred Grabhorn; Piano—Miss J. Peterson, Juanita Wolff.

The officers are: Flora Sloop, president; Elvira Houston, secretary-treasurer.



BECKLEY HALL

Beckley Hall

The Beckley Hall was reorganized in September, 1922, with Bess Hattan, president; Ottie Dugger, vice-president; Florence Thompson, secretary, and Thelma Meadows, song leader. The girls organized under the name "J. U. G." Motto: Preparedness.

The main object of organization was to insure more spirit and better times for the girls. A taffy pull and comic program was given early in the fall. Mrs. Beckley made the taffy and a jolly time was enjoyed by all. The girls gave a delightful banquet February 22, in honor of Mrs. Beckley and her daughter, Mrs. McNerney. The girls carried out many eventful plans for the spring.

Following is a list of names of the girls of Beckley Hall during the summer and winter of 1922 and 1923: Audrey Rose, Goldie Aylesworth, Grace Hockema, Bess Finley, Menga Batalgia, Gertrude Smith, Margaret Seehafer, Mildred Moist, Joyce Stephens, Orpha Carter, Zelma Groves, Clarice Munsey, Agnes Coates, Allie Broughten, Audrie La Masters, Helen Frazee, Ibella Surry, Minnie Hogue, Leitha Smith, Eva Weeks, Bernice Fitzwater, Nellie Lane, Reita Hanna, Ida Hafterson, Waunita Mespelt, Sibyll Cellars, Ethel Mackey, Lucy Eggiman, Blanch Brown, Irene Duncan, Hazel May, Emma Evans, Etta Thompson, Vida Seely, Zelfhia Fillpot, Thelma Meadows, Veva Tiedeman, Mable Porter, Bess Hattan, Florence Thompson, Lela Hankins, Echo Walker, Mrs. Doyle, Christine Ferm, Ruth Anderson, Martha Stangle, Pearl Krause, Ottie Dugger, Beatrice Cole, Lela Tiedeman, Leta Tiedeman, Eugenia Caudy, Betty Faulkener, Rose Derrick, Juanita Wallace, Ollie Graff, Alice Collard, Ethel Hadley, Gertrude Hadley, Mrs. Shontz, Claire Say, Olive Mortimore, Evelyn Mortimore, Roxie Welhousen, Wilma Scroggins.



JOHNSON HALL

Johnson Hall

The Johnson Hall girls organized in order that they might become better acquainted. The officers for the fall term were: Agnes Berg, president; Clara McAllister, vice-president; Gertrude Anderson, secretary and treasurer; Vadura Kizer, sergeant-at-arms, and Mrs. Randolph, representative to Better O. N. S. New officers were elected for the winter term, being: Laura Olsen, president; Marian Dunlop, vice-president; Vadura Kizer, secretary and treasurer; Irene Hollenbeck, sergeant-at-arms, and Stella Berg, reporter.

Meetings are held every other Wednesday for a social gathering. The time is always well spent in singing and playing games. Perhaps the best time spent together was the time Mrs. Johnson served a chicken dinner.

Members of Johnson Hall during the winter were:

Lucy Smith—"Advisor"
 Irene Hollenbeck—"Early Riser"
 Rose Shaad—"Whistle Boy"
 Elsie Convill—"Incense"
 May Gross—"Baby"
 Mrs. Randolph—"Bobby"
 Rayma Brown—"Old Dear"
 Ethel Gross—"Sweet Thing"
 Agnes Berg—"News Bearer"
 Clara McAllister—"Chocolates"
 Thelma Wheeler—"Correspondent"
 Fay Scott—"Scale Breaker"
 Vadura Kizer—"Maxwell"

Bernice Ferris—"Armstrong Heater"
 Marion Dunlop—"Song Bird"
 Francis Byron—"Short and Sweet"
 Vera Bishop—"Make it snappy"
 Laura Olsen—"Basketball shark"
 Doris Spangenberg—"Rave on"
 Alma Lange—"You just wait!"
 Abbie Long—"Oh, that laugh!"
 Alice Porter—"It's a great life"
 Lucile Dilley—"Ford watcher"
 Emma Jorgensen—"Silence is bliss"
 Gertrude Anderson—"Awful busy"
 Stella Berg—"Life of the party"

Dormitory

The Dormitory includes two annexes, the Senior Cottage and Junior House. It shelters and gives a home to nearly two hundred girls. It was organized in the fall with the following officers: May Burgoyne, president; Agnes K. Murphy, vice-president; Margaret Plock, secretary-treasurer; Pauline Jones and Alice Aldrich, song leaders.

The roomy interior of the Dormitory proper is composed of 103 rooms, some single, others double, for the accommodation of the girls. Besides these there are two spacious dining rooms, a living room, music gallery and kitchen. This three-story, ivy-clad building, picturesque and beautiful, holds the memory of countless happy moments.

The annual Christmas party, according to the interesting old English custom, was given this year by Miss Jessica Todd, assisted by the entire household of the Dormitory. The girls, beautifully dressed in white, gathered at the end of the second floor hall. Soon soft strains of the familiar "Carrol, Brothers, Carrol" were heard floating down the hall and as the girls approached, the guests could see their faces, filled with expectancy and joy.

The beautiful holly wreaths in the windows of the gallery and halls added to the lovely effect as the girls passed to enter the dining room.

On each spotless white table were two glowing red candles, lighted, and a tiny one gleamed by each plate. The reflection of these added to the effect of the color scheme. At each plate was a favor given by Miss Todd.

The entire ensemble joined in the "Doxology." During the first course gay songs were sung by all; also a few special numbers were given by the Dorm Trio. In one of the songs was mentioned in a catchy manner the fad of the faculty, who were the guests. Between courses the girls, singing gaily, changed dining rooms. During the second course soft music by the Trio was heard from the music room.

When the third course was over all gathered close and with a gay, light step, singing "Come Jolly, Jolly Boys," met in the living room. The yule log was placed in front of the fireplace and, as was the custom, the guests were invited to make their wishes known. They ranged from the most absurd to the most dignified. Near the close Mr. Jenkins, Rector of the St. David's Church of Portland, expressed wishes for the parents of all the girls. The president, May Burgoyne, asked a blessing on the house. After this President Landers asked a blessing for the school.

The Yule log was then lighted with the brand of last year's log by a tiny girl clad in red. When this was lighted, "See the Blazing Yule" swelled from the seated throng.

One of the girls, in sweet, childlike words told the story of the Christ Child. At the close, men carrolers were heard in the distance singing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," repeating the story in song. Following the olden custom, they were invited in to partake of food.

The chorus of girls sang softly "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem" and "Silent Night."

The guests then led the way to the music room; the girls followed, singing "Deck the Halls with Wreaths of Holly." Here in the music room, during the singing, a great holly wreath was hung over the fireplace and in her usual charming manner Mrs. Landers sang two lovely solos.

The girls withdrew to their rooms, singing joyously, after having partaken of a most unique entertainment, in each heart a hope that the memory would linger long.



2 out of 3



Hear ye!



Scrub team



Service with a Smile



Birds of a Feather

Dorm Days



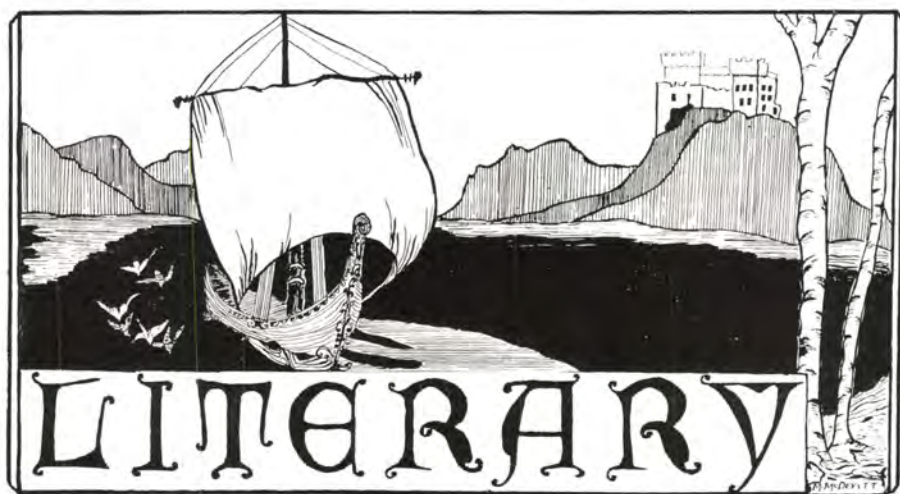
And I love!



This is the way we wash our hair



Saturday A.M.



Lilacs and a Career

A naughty little flapper breeze, sweet and lilac scented, stole in through the hospital window, ruffling the refractory curls from under Nurse Rosemary's cap, and coaxing the forbidding folds of her stiff white apron into gentle motion. It was a designing little breeze and it brought to Nurse Rosemary, as she stood attending the doctor's orders, visions of her mother's garden back home. Just now it would be fragrant with daffodils and lilacs, lovely lilacs. Time was, when she had stood near those lilacs and refused to marry a young man whom she had always known and had "palled" around with in her high school days. He was so young and such a delightful dear,—but one doesn't always marry delightful dears, you know.

"I must have, I want to enter a profession," she had told him coolly and firmly, and she had come to the hospital to take up her chosen work. Nearly three long years ago, that had been, and it seemed ages ago to her now, as she was about to finish her course. Yes, she had really liked her work. She liked it now, only she was so tired, and she never seemed to be able to get any rest, for lately there had been so many emergency cases that everyone had had to work overtime. The very walls seemed a prison, and freedom was very far away and out of reach. Oh! for one day to be herself, to be free from unending duty, and grim rules that pulled one's face into stern, prim lines and left no room for joy. Perhaps if she had not been so hasty, so determined, she would not now be hating such a dull gray existence—perhaps—

"How I wish something exciting would happen," mused Nurse Rosemary. Such a wish is throwing a bare-faced challenge in the face of Fate, and Fate does not often overlook such a glorious chance.

The doctor stood waiting, his hand reaching out for the thermometer for which he had asked twice. He was young and impatient, and accustomed to having things handed him even before he asked for them. Besides, it had been a rush week, with many calls, and here was this fool nurse, day dreaming! He frowned until his forehead somewhat resembled ancient hieroglyphics. Some

good-looking senior nurses thought they could "get away with such stuff." Well, he'd show 'em! And he fairly exploded with impatience and disgust, finally ending with:

"What the dickens do you imagine you've gotta do? Here I am as busy as a one-armed man trying to button his glove, and you stand around as moon-eyed as the fashion model in Harley and Rolson's. Get out of my sight and don't come around until you get over this moon-struck gaze!"

Stunned, Rosemary flung herself out of the room, fairly tingling with fury and insult, and so excited she scarcely knew what she was doing. Her only thought was to get away,—anywhere—as far as possible. Throwing off her offending cap, she snatched her coat, and flew out of the hospital door just in time to escape the matron's ever watchful eyes, and started out to walk forever. How angry she was! And over such a silly thing, too! But was ever such undeserved wrath poured out for such a trivial cause? That doctor was a favorite with the nurses, too, and there had been a whispered conviction that "if Doctor Jim ever got angry, things would certainly burn up," but no one had ever witnessed such a torrid procedure on his part. And now to think that this calamity had fallen upon her head! With her thoughts accompanying her in this minor key, on and on she walked, far into the country, and far into the golden afternoon. It was late indeed before she became aware that the sky was a deep, deep blue, and that the birds were bursting their throats in praise of it.

A country road on a spring day is a realm of wonder and delight. At each step there was a surprise—here a clump of dandelions shining pure gold in the sun; and here a rose bush flinging out its glossy, leafy banners, and there, in an apple tree blossoming pink, a meadow-lark, announcing, "I told you so! I did! Spring is here!"

In an abandoned mood Rosemary wandered from flower to flower, eager with the joy of discovery. It had been so long since she had touched a wild flower that each one was a marvel infinitely more to be desired than the cut flowers that crowded hospitals. Cut flowers have a conceited way of looking at one as though mocking, flaunting their very freshness and loveliness when one is most tired and jaded looking. Wild flowers, not having this made-to-order appearance, live for the very sake of gladness. They say to one, "Come and be merry with us."

Heeding their appealing voices, Rosemary drank again from that far-famed fountain of youth which all of us find just ahead and around the corner if we follow the call of the open road on such a day. On and on she went, forgetful of time and place, and suddenly it was night, and here and there in the sky the stars began choosing their partners for their evening dance. With a start, Rosemary realized that she was alone, and far from town, and it was growing very dark. Often in such a way do the practical affairs of life intrude abruptly on the most joyous and sacred reveries of our souls.

Turning, Rosemary began swiftly retracing her steps. She had gone quite a distance when she stumbled against something hard. It was a railroad track. More slowly she began to climb the steep hill before her when suddenly a most excruciating shriek rose from out the hollow almost at her very feet. She stopped, petrified with horror, and then tried to run but she could not lift her feet from the ground. Again this wild wail came up and then broke into a succession of indistinct groans. As Rosemary listened her fright left her. She became entirely professional again. Somebody was hurt down there, and she ran swiftly down the steep incline, and along the track toward the sound.

Before her loomed a large motionless shape. As she neared it she could see

from its dim, misshapen outlines that it had been an automobile, and that its driver was pinned beneath it, probably severely injured. Fiercely she began to tug at the car, but finding her efforts to pull it away futile, tried to reach the sufferer. In some way she might relieve him, she did not know just how. Oh, if someone would only come! Just then he began to murmur incoherently: "M-m-my fault—brakes—oh, find Rosemary."

"Doctor Jim, is it you?" screamed Rosemary. "Oh, what will I do?"

Arousing slowly from a stunned condition, Doctor Jim continued faintly: "Whole hospital force looking for you—dickens of an uproar—and I remembered—about—this morning—my fault—beastly cad—saw you come this way—and now, now—"

With an almost superhuman effort he managed to finish: "I've found you."

"But you, Jim, you! Don't think of me! How will I get you out? Oh, Jim!"

There was no answer. He had relapsed into unconsciousness. Again fiercely she pushed at the car. From afar, disturbing the stillness of the night, came a long-drawn-out cry as from an owl, keeping his nightly vigil in some lone fir, waiting to dash down upon some innocent, helpless creature. The cry came again and re-echoed back among the hills. Rosemary stiffened with dread and then grew frantic as she realized its import. A train was coming. Blindly she threw herself against the unyielding frame of the car, wounding herself in mad effort to push it off. Oh, she must, she must get it off! There was no other way.

"Oh, God," she breathed, "show me a way—help me, dear God." Sinking exhausted, she tried to pull the doctor's unconscious form out from the car, but that, too, proved useless. She could hear the rumble of the train very clearly now as it made its way along the valley. She shuddered violently, and then as if in answer to her prayer her hand touched something round. She grasped it. It was his flashlight. A moment of exultation thrilled her. Now there was a chance of saving him! But no! It would not flash on!

Rosemary sobbed in hopeless agony. In a moment the train would be upon them. It must be near the curve. In a moment all would be over. Thank God he was unconscious.

Then, as with the suddenness of an explosion an idea seized her. She sprang to her feet and began to fumble frenziedly within the car. The roar of the train grew deafening. Strange thoughts came to her, memories of home, and mother with her smiling eyes, and of the picking of lilacs in their garden. What was it smelled so sweetly? Her hand grasped something cool. Why, lilacs in his car! He must have put them there. Dear Jim, he had risked his life to find her—oh, where was that switch? She must turn it! There! She could not see it shining. That light must be the train upon them. She turned the switch again and again, mumbling:

"Oh, dear God——"

* * * * *

When Engineer Brader, of the local 695, told the story afterward, he used to say: "Well, sir, I never was so flabbergasted in my whole blamed life, as when one night, as I was roundin' ole Gilman Gulch, there on the track afore me stood two big eyes. First I thought mebbe it was a wild cat crittur a-standin' there (we just run over a couple here the other day or so), an' sez I, ol' feller, y' better make yer will an' have it handy fer y' can't run over ole 695, but would y' believe me, them air eyes winked at me! An' I put on the brakes lightnin' quick! I ain't so sooperstichus, but when eyes begin ter wink, they's usually trouble in camp.

"An' there was an ortymobeel with a poor feller under it, an' a gal with lilacs in her han' in a faint-like. Figured the ortymobeel must a' tumbled over that hill there, an' she'd found him, an' stayed by him, too. Plucky, warn't she? It war her a-turnin' on them lights.

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, came to find out, he's the great doctor Jim Denny an' that girl's one er the best nurses they've got in Martinville. Dunno how she come to be havin' a picnic party at that time o' day, but it was lucky for him she did, an' say, warn't I glad I threw on them brakes!"

A few weeks later, Doctor Jim stood in the office chatting with the matrons.

"I'll soon be the happiest man alive, as you know," said he, "and the prettiest, grittiest girl in your old hospital is going to make me so. Well, yes, I do limp a little yet,—that beastly car, you know,—but what is limping compared to love?"

And Nurse Rosemary, passing by and overhearing the last remarkable statement, blushed all over her happy face.

ALTA FIKE.

"Awk"

Robert B. Fish was thirteen years old. Maybe that was the reason for it—but no, Steve Williams was just thirteen too, so it couldn't possibly be that. Maybe,—but what was the use of speculating? However, this was a rather weighty question in the mind of Robert B. Fish, himself. What was the reason? Every time he was alone and every minute of his dreaming time in school was used in speculating as to the reason. But always he would conclude with the same verdict—"Just my luck."

One just couldn't say anything else about him. Robert B. Fish was awkward! The dictionary defines the word this way: "Wanting dexterity; unskillful; ungraceful, or ungainly in shape, or manners, or movement; clumsy." Well, that was the definition of Robert B. Fish. It wasn't his fault! How could he be dexterous, clever, skillfull and all the rest of it, when his arms and legs were always in the way, and that awful face of his always became fiery red every time he said anything or every time anyone said anything to him. Just his luck, that was all there was to it.

Robert B. Fish! Could anyone wish for a better name to make fun of? What an opportunity for a nick-name. Take the whole name. That is pretty funny itself. Why couldn't they have called him Fish or Fishey? Why not have called him Bob, Bobby, or Bert? Anything but what they did call him. They called him Awk! Yes, that was it, just Awk!

It started among the boys, first behind his back. It got around to him just as those things have a habit of doing. That was bad, but it got worse when the girls took it up. He felt it. When he met a group of girls in the street, they would giggle, and he knew they were saying "Awk." But worst of all was the time Mamy Struthers, one of the leaders in the school, called, "Say, Awk," to him right out loud and in front of the whole room.

Everything was quiet for a few seconds. Someone started giggling. From one corner and then another he could hear snickering and laughing. He could feel that the eyes of everyone in the room were centered on him. Awk turned scarlet. If only he could think of some clever answer, the way Steve Williams would have done. But no! All he could do was sit there and look uncomfortable.

When Mamy did anything the others thought it was cute and everyone followed suit. So "Awk" he became.

Steve Williams sat at the other side of the room, a little to the front, in just a good place for Robert to watch him. If only he could be like Steve! He had such a confident way about him! When people talked to him Steve always had a ready answer. His legs and arms were never in the way. If anything was said about Steve, he passed it off as a joke. "Why can't I do that?" was always the thought of poor Awk as he would sit gazing at the back of the popular Steve Williams.

Every night after school Steve would walk away with a confident swing of assurance. He had a way of putting his hands into his pockets and whistling, as though he were quite unconscious of the people around him, which made onlookers feel that he would do just the right thing at the right time. When Steve walked home alone he made everyone feel that he was a little better than the others and preferred it, but when Awk did this, he felt and made others feel that he was walking alone because no one wanted to walk with him.

It looked so easy to see Steve do it—all he did was to put his hands in his pockets, whistle, and look that way. That was what puzzled Awk. Maybe if he tried hard enough and practiced at home—?

That night Awk went home still trying to find an explanation for his awkwardness. After doing a few chores, he went into his room, shut the door and locked it. Then he marched determinedly up to the mirror. He just looked at himself thoughtfully for a few minutes. What was the trouble? It must be his expression. First he stood off from the mirror, stuck his hands in his pockets and started whistling. With a leisurely step and swing of his shoulders he marched up and down in front of the mirror, always with a critical eye on his reflection. There was nothing like practising. He kept it up for an hour. Once his mother came to the door and asked him to please stop whistling so loudly. But practise makes perfect, and Awk was determined he would be perfect at this, so he strutted before his mirror until he was pretty well pleased with himself.

The next day in school everything had gone fairly well. Nothing special had happened to him, so he decided to experiment. When school closed he had decided to do just as Steve always did. He started out of the school door, whistling, put his hands in his pockets and tried to look unconcerned. His practice must have done him some good. It wasn't so very hard after all. He was feeling quite elated. The girls were all looking at him but somehow Awk felt that they were admiring him. What a wonderful feeling! If he could only always be that way. He felt as though he were walking on air.

But, alas! he soon discovered he was certainly not walking on air but on very hard ground. Before he had gone many yards, a perfectly innocent peg in the ground, which was used for some school games, tripped him. Poor Awk went sprawling. His ungainly form lying there on the ground, with his hat balanced on one ear and his face flaming red, afforded such an opportunity for laughter that one could hardly blame the giggling and laughing that immediately set up from the girls and boys around. Somehow he got away from all of them. If he could only go on a desert island where he would never see anyone!

Awk never tried to copy Steve again. He simply came to the conclusion that he never could be like him and there was no use trying. In school the girls laughed at him and the boys teased him. Everyone but little Mary France. She was small and backward. Just one of those children in a schoolroom whom no one notices or thinks much about. Not that she wasn't good, only because she

was too good. Mary felt sorry for Awk. It made her angry to see Mamy Struthers giggle when he came around. If she hadn't been quite so scared herself she would have told the other girls what she thought of it. However, Awk went through the grammar grades without anyone to speak for him.

It was nine years after this that a group of college girls were chatting in one of the rooms. As is sometimes the case, the subject of discussion was men. Someone mentioned how bored she was when a certain young man was near, and of course the girls agreed with her.

"But doesn't Sam Marshall give you a thrill?" asked one girl with a laugh.

"Thrill," called a voice from the door. "Don't talk like that! Guess who I just met right now."

After several attempts one girl said excitedly, "Not that good-looking man who just entered school, surely? I think they said his name was Fish."

"Good guess, Grace. Don't you girls envy me? Why, he is the best looking man on the campus just now. Believe me, he will be popular around this place."

That was what happened in only one room. Everywhere people were talking about him. Oh yes, it was the same Robert Fish, but a very different one from the little awkward country boy.

Robert had gone through high school and the farther he got from being thirteen years old the nearer he got to being like Steve Williams. For a long while after he was thirteen, his aim was to be like Steve, but as is always the case, with advancing years he forgot the old idol and became his own individual self.

Even though Robert had changed decidedly, he could not shake off his nickname. How it got about was rather hard to tell. It simply stuck to him as nick-names have a habit of doing. In high school his old schoolmates kept calling him Awk. Then the rest of the students took it up. At first the reason for the nick-name was known almost everywhere, but later the meaning became less obvious and therefore not so well known. Soon it was just a nick-name and nothing more.

Something different or unusual always attracts attention. Maybe, then, Awk should have thanked his unusual nick-name for all the admiring glances he received. At any rate (whether it was the nick-name or not), Awk became popular. The teachers liked him as well as the students. Always jolly and congenial, he was admired by everyone just as he had admired Steve. Everyone liked his democratic spirit.

Now at college!

Each year there was a formal ball given in town by the "select few" of the girls in the school. It was a very grand affair and to receive a "bid" to it was supposed to be one of the biggest social honors any of the fellows could get.

For a month before the bids were sent, speculations were being made as to who might have them. It was so often true that the new men in school were not well enough known even to be discussed as probables, that no one thought of Robert Fish. However, one of the girls in the "select few" thought of him. It was hard to decide whom to ask. She thought it would be nice to have John Dailey, but it would cause so much talk and excitement if she should (out of a clear sky) ask Robert Fish. Still John was an upper classman, good looking, and very popular. He was used to such things and—well, maybe she had better ask John, after all.

But as it drew near the time for sending the bids, she grew more undecided. Something had to be done. She decided to draw straws, just for the fun of it,

and see what fate would say, or better still, get a daisy and pull the petals off. She did.

Ask Awk, ask John, ask Awk, ask John. She took off one petal at a time. Ask Awk, ask John, ask Awk, ask John. Soon the daisy was pretty well stripped of its petals. She was becoming rather excited herself. It was coming near the end—ask Awk, ask John—then ask Awk, and the last one, ask John. Fate was in John's favor.

She threw the stem down on the floor and stamped on it. "Well," and she made a face at the poor innocent petals, "just for that I'll ask Awk!"

When such a popular young man asked any girl to a dance, even though it was just an afternoon affair, could one blame her for writing such a paragraph as this in her next letter to Mary France, her chum:

"Guess what happened! One of the most popular boys in the school asked me to go to the dance with him. All of the girls are envying me. He is really very good-looking—tall, dark hair and blue eyes. He is one of those fellows who always knows the right thing to do at the right time. Just—well I can't explain it—just popular because of the way he acts. Why, maybe you know him or know of him. I believe he said he came from your part of the country. His name is Robert Fish, but everyone here calls him Ok. Isn't that a good nick-name? At least it is for him, for he certainly is O. K."

ISABELL McLELLAND.

Cheer Up!

When burdens press and your heart is sore,
When you pray, and the answer comes no more;
The gates are all closed and the windows are locked,
And no one hears though you've patiently knocked,
When the sun will not shine and your soul's depressed;
Your heart is so weary you cannot rest.
When storms of doubt seem to break nearby,
And you feel so blue you'd like to die—
Why, cheer up!

The world is bright if you see it straight.
There is plenty to do; no time to faint.
Climb over your troubles; they're good for your soul;
And make them steps to your ultimate goal.
There is nothing like fighting to make you strong;
What tonic is better than cheery song!
Just keep your woes to yourself—and smile,
And you'll find your life is well worth-while—
So, cheer up!

—Edith Vivian Coleman.

POETRY

Season's Song

A luscious fragrance fills the breeze,
A bounteous picture greets the eye.
Oh Wealth! In field, in orchard lie
The final off'rings of the year.
The end of student's treasured days!
One lingering hour in which to play
Swift games again and picnic, then
The fall is gone!

Piercing blasts sweep driving rains,
The stretching field, a tortuous flood
Turns icy. Fluttering heralds scud
The grey to trumpet winter's pow'r.
The darkness of those lengthy days
Of less bright dress and somber hue!
E'en such are bright when thoughts imbue
With fun and dance a cosy change;
The term is done!

What contrast! Changing! March and Spring!
With bluster, cold, a winter breath!
Our God is good; Hope grasps all earth
And forth from chaos stirs new life.
What better time for mirth and song?
The rippling breeze from fresh new flow'rs
Breathes "Short is Spring! Too few the hours,
Soon graduation! Life is nigh—
To some, good-bye."

The burning sun of summer's day!
For days of labor, evening peace,
The shady coolness, spreading trees,
Great scenic beauties, rest and joy.
Those summer days of molten gold!
What do they bring to O. N. S.?
Some fun; some work; and this, the best—
Staunch friends! to cheer, encourage you
A whole life through.

—Elsa V. Egans.

The Parting

'Twas a lonely ride from school that day,
As all the old friends went their way.
For miles and miles their voices rang.
"Be sure to write"—"Come back"—they sang.
At last the tears began to flow
At the thought of friends, "Martha or Joe,"
Leaving them maybe for a long, long time,
Or until again the school-bells chime.

—Margaret Anderson

Only A Smile

God planned our hearts in a marvelous way
To keep His children happy each day,
When clouds of trouble, labor and pain
O'ershadow all. 'Neath the crushing strain
The work-day world and people outside
Seem distasteful and hard to abide.
Tight knots form where the glad thoughts should;
Scarcely a thing seems pleasing or good—
The ease with which all despair will flee!
A friendly smile, merely sympathy,
Will build a path to that weary heart
And be his spur toward a better start.
What cost to giver? But price untold
To one; like light, worth more than gold.
By one wee gift which a stranger proffers
A world can be eased from hurts it suffers.

—Elsa V. Egans

Spring

Into the woods I tramped one day,
With the breath of Spring in my veins
Out beyond the city gay,
Into the shaded lanes.

How good it seemed to be alone,
In God's great Wonderland,
With beauteous flowers in every tone,
And warbling birds on every hand.

There peeped the buttercup so shy,
There flamed the poppy gold,
While ever and anon on high
Sang meadow-lark and robin bold.

—Marguerite Kendall.

Friendship

Friends, what do they really mean to you?
A pal that is faithful, kind and true?
Or someone to borrow of, slight or blame,
One you forget and drop out of the game?

The friends we want we'll have for life,
The kind that help in the struggle and strife;
The kind that never forget to smile,
But seek to serve us all the while.

—Alice A. Aldrich

Antique Shop

An ivory god from Singapore;
Vases from old Nippon!
With dainty maids and parasols
And sunsets painted on,
Or cherry blossoms drifting down,
Or gorgeous eastern dawn!

This Ajtec arrowhead I dug
Beside a ruined pile,
This hammered ornament of gold
Once bought a woman's smile.
What will they find of mine and thine,
In some dim after-while?

This silken stuff an Arab girl,
The daughter of a Sheik,
Wove in the evening by her tent.
Its myriad colors speak
Of blazing sunsets, purple nights,
And desert's vastness, stretching bleak.

This fan of tinsel, gold and lace,
With skeleton of bone?
An old Belle swung it as she smiled,
Broke hearts—and ruined a throne!
Now she and all her loves are gone.
The fan dreams on alone.

In some far day will I sleep deep
Beneath a ruined pile?
Will trinkets that I treasure so
Some other heart beguile?
What will they find of mine and thine
In some dim after-while?

—Sheirine Lloyd

Consolation

Sometimes in the dark shades of evening I wander
To pastures so green and so cool;
Or nigh to the old winding stream vaguely ponder,
And visit the deep sparkling pool.
'Mid trees of majestic pow'r, happiness cometh,
Sore hearts find a soothing relief,
The breeze gently sighs in a soft whispering cadence,
As darkness draws over the heath.
Behind the light clouds a white starlight is lurking,
Through shades silvery moon-beams now fall;
For God, who is watching and loving His handwork,
Has left His fair hope to us all.

—Truman E. Pease

Those Lesson Plans

Those lesson plans, where is their charm?
To me they've naught but harm!
Unnumbered hours I write and write
Alas! to meet their awful plight.

For when my critic takes her pen,
You'd never know my plans again!
All on the back and up the sides
That critic pen just slips and slides.

The things it writes I can't relate—
That pen's the iron hand of fate,
For critics sweet, or stern, or small,
Are critics still, in spite of all.

And practice teachers small or great
Have much to learn while critics wait;
And lesson plans, yea, verily,
Are far too much for little me!

Oh, Lesson Plan, I'll ne'er forget
The perils we've together met.
I took you late across the way
To part with you till dawn of day.

On my return—I'm speaking true—
I sought acquaintance to renew,
But you had changed so over night,
I didn't know you, e'en by sight.

I have a thought, my Lesson Plan,
Let's be as friendly as we can.
I'll work with might and main, if you
Will make of me a teacher true.

—Edith Vivian Coleman

Tall Days

MORNING

When I looked upon
This morning
Its face
Was fresh washed.
Diamonds hung
From every twig
And leaf
And blade of grass.
All the maples
Were brave
In gold and green,
Long clouds trailed
Back to the edge of the hills
To let the blue show,
As soapsuds cling
To a face
Hurriedly washed.

NOON

But the sky is
Near and thick
And grey.
Misty rain falls,
Flocks of yellow
Leaves wheel
From the glorious
Trees.
Pigeons,
They circle
And touch earth
And rise
And flutter a little way
And settle.

EVENING

The sky is high and
Thin grey.
Long streaks of pale gold
Break the clouds,
Tired yellow leaves
Lie heaped inert
On sodden grass,
Save when they are moved
By the restless
Hand
Of a wandering
Breeze.

—Isa Upson

"I'm Back In the West Again"

I'm back in the West again,
(Dear God! How I love it out here)
The rivers so long,
And the highway's song,
And the sunsets on old Rainier.

I'm back in the West again,
In the golden, glorious West,
Where everything's clean,
And everything's green,
And a friendship can stand the test.

I'm back in the West again,
Yes, back in the "Land of the Pine,"
Where the morning air
Is as soft and rare
As a draught of a Southern wine.

I'm back in the West again,
Where nature's got plenty to give,
Where the mountains high
Lift up to the sky,
And there's room for a man to live.

I'm back in the West again,
In the West which holds me in thrall,
Where the heart's broad span
Is the test of a man,
And nothing else matters at all.

—Tom Skeyhill

March 2, 1923

ESSAY

The following is the oration with which Miss Joyce Wood of the Oregon Normal School represented O. N. S. at the State Oratorical Contest on March 9, 1923.

Representatives of the higher schools of Oregon convened at Albany this year.

The Awakening Giant

The East is the cradle of the world. The civilizations of the East were old before those of the West were new. Civilization has described an almost complete circle on the globe, and as the circle has extended, one nation after another has yielded to this advancing force. The cultures of the East and the West have developed independently of each other, until recent years, but now the East has felt the reflex of civilization at its height, as it is represented in our country—for here one finds the culmination of centuries.

There exists on the globe a huge Giant comprising one-fourth of the world's population. This Giant, four thousand years old, gave morals, art, literature, and the elements of culture to a neighbor that now ranks among the great five of modern nations. Nowhere does history show a record of such continuity and stability. With an exceedingly small number of exceptions its rulers were corrupt and incompetent. But this old Giant endured in seclusion; sea, desert, mountains and the Great Wall hemmed it in. Encased in the shell of antiquity, complacent in a conceit of superiority bred of isolation, it was sufficient unto itself—a great dormant monster whose capacities were latent. But it could not always remain a Sleeping Giant because the industrial revolutions of the West made its barriers of no avail. Since steam and electricity eliminated distances, commercial aggressors became a menace from without. Contact with new situations caused the old Giant to stir. Century-old weaknesses were no longer merely trivial and the huge Giant found itself confronted with forces with which its mere size could not cope. Then came the phenomenal awakening of one-fourth of the world's population: the greatest drama ever enacted—theme fit for the bards—a process of metamorphosis in which history records no parallel.

China was faced with the most difficult problem of reconstruction any civilization has ever known. History may be ransacked to furnish a situation that so stirs the interest of the world, that keeps a spectator so wavering between hope and fear, and that presents so baffling an attempt to find a solution. One is reminded of the Chinese puzzles of one's childhood in which the complexity and variety of interlocking parts seemed to defy every attempt to form a coherent whole. There was, however, a clue, a solution for those puzzles. China must now solve her puzzle in the same manner in which other nations have solved theirs. She must follow the same road and must undergo the same internal convulsions, enterprises, and experiments that other nations have experienced. Unlike them she must turn against ancient institutions and family traditions. Since China is a land of prodigious dimensions, of forty centuries, such deep-rooted traditions cannot be thrust aside over night. Twelve years elapsed before the Federal Constitution of the United States was adopted, during which time the history contained many dark pages. The present in China is no doubt dark, but the future is most promising.

The history of China's awakening is indeed an ambitious one. Time and hard knocks were necessary before the Chinese were persuaded that the road

was a long and difficult one from revolution, industrial progress, and educational reform down to social transformation. Then China turned to the West, for it was the West that thrust itself so irresistibly and disturbingly upon her. At first new military devices were thought to be the secret of Western power and accordingly an arsenal was built in Shanghai, and then gunboats. The men-of-war were sunk by the Japanese in the Chino-Japanese war. Then the weakness of China was attributed to her out-worn form of government, and correction was thought to lie in political reform. The imperial line of the Manchus was overthrown and China became gripped in the throes of revolution. A republic was constructed instead of a navy, but this did not settle China's problems.

The third period was that of reliance upon technical improvements. The distinguishing feature of Western civilization, the one to be imitated, was thought to be economic. Civil and mechanical engineers were to be the saviors of the country. Steam and electricity were introduced; railways and factories were constructed. These were the result of a great economic awakening, but they did not enable China to compete with other nations on even terms. This movement brought new perils and dangers.

Later there came a great moral and social awakening. The barriers of sex exclusion were slowly broken down as woman rediscovered herself in the home, in society, in the republic and in the new family of nations. Another accomplishment during this period, which was most spectacular, was the success of the Chinese in ridding themselves of the opium habit. Christian influence counted for much in the initiation of these reforms.

Lastly came the conviction that underlying ideas must be changed; that democracy was a matter of beliefs, of habits of mind, of outlook upon life, and not a mere form of government. The idea is gaining ground in China today that the real supremacy of the West is based on something universal.

These latter ideas underlie the new culture movement instigated by the youth of China. The best of Young China is turning from the past and is looking into the future. What does this imply? It means that they realize that the true source of Western superiority is found, not in external technique, but in intellectual and moral ideals. It means that they are cognizant of the dangers that menace their country. It means that China is in need of a unified mind. Above all it means that China is experiencing an awakening and is being infused with a new spirit.

China has the alternative of perishing, to the disturbance of the world, or of gathering together and concentrating into one century the political, scientific, industrial, intellectual, and religious progress for which the world has taken many centuries. Although in the past China has lived as a peace-loving nation, experience has taught her that to enjoy peace she must be prepared for external attack. If her friends and recent allies betray her, what hope has China but to build up a militarism? So large a nation armed to the teeth would be most formidable. Furthermore, the direction of China's progress during the next two decades will determine the direction of the progress of the Orient for the next century or so. The world can no longer be indifferent to the new Republic's future. Young China is not a device or fad of a few fanatics, but a fact. When one considers the acknowledged wealth producing abilities of the Chinese people, plus the untold resources which have scarcely been tapped, China must be reckoned with industrially. What is needed is foreign assistance. Here is a unique opportunity for the West. What is its response?

But why should the world assist China in her great struggle for democracy

and the elevation of her people? Because the world owes China a debt; because foreign powers opened China's Middle Kingdom and wrung leased territory from her; and because by her stand for international law China has contributed to the victory of right over might and morality over brute force. In American leadership China has a faith that she has not in that of any other foreign power. She is asking that we who have fought and sacrificed for democracy do not stand by, indifferent to her problems.

I have endeavored to portray to you the awakening of one-fourth of the world's population. The late John Hay expressed the conviction that "Whosoever understands China, that mighty empire, socially, politically, economically, religiously, has the key to the world's politics for the next five centuries."

History is turning a new page in the record of the world. What will be written upon it depends upon the men and women of the rising generation. The genius of the East and the West in one noble effort may solve peacefully and beneficially for innumerable centuries the problems which now confront both, to the permanent advantage and enjoyment of all.

Crabs

When for the first time I saw a man on the dock with his outfit of barrel hoops, each of which was covered with a network of cords, I was at a loss to know of what use they could be. I watched this man while he tied a piece of meat in the center of each hoop and let it down by a cord to the bottom of the bay. Sometime later he returned and drew the hoops up quickly. Some were empty, others held a crab which had been attracted by the meat.

As I watched the crab I could not but think that it is an unusual animal in many respects. It is the only animal known that can move in any direction without turning around, the side movement being the most common. It secures its food by holding and tearing it to pieces with its great pincers. In appearance it is about the most unattractive thing in existence. It is useful for food only after being thrown into boiling water and literally cooked alive.

In the vegetable kingdom there is another kind of crab—a small apple with a particularly tart flavor. It may be preserved or pickled. When cooked with plenty of sugar and spices it is quite appetizing.

There is still another species. The third crab is in the human form, being about as disagreeable in action as the sea crab is in appearance. He is, judging from his behavior, a cross between the old sea crab and the sour crab apple. Sour in disposition, he is always pulling to pieces by finding fault, criticising. Seeing no good, believing none to be good, he is in fact the reflection of his own thoughts as he acts accordingly. For a man cannot think unkind or evil thoughts without absorbing the same traits.

The human crab is hardly a man, for he backs out or side-steps all responsibility by placing the blame on someone else, only reserving the right to express an opinion which is always adversely critical to all but himself. No use has ever been found for him. The only possible hope is that he be boiled alive or pickled!

Unlike the crab, the worth-while person is the one able to see the good in all with whom he comes in contact. To say a word of commendation, to do his bit, to smile, to work hard for the advancement of others as well as for himself, and to make the best of circumstances. It isn't what is done to you, but the way you take it. DON'T BE A CRAB!

W. A. DAVENPORT.

The Phonograph and Good Music

We hear a great deal nowadays about a "singing America," but is America, generally speaking, singing the music she should be singing?

In the schools we are teaching the children good music, but outside, they are met on every side by suggestive popular songs and demoralizing jazz.

The phonograph, which was once a luxury of the few, is now found in almost every home. In all rural communities, the family gathers around this instrument for at least an hour every evening. What must be the result of children listening an hour each day to such songs as "Left All Alone Again" and "Cuddle Up Blues"? Will this help in any way to produce a "singing America" of which we should be proud?

It is our privilege, teachers, to do a great service to the people in our respective communities. We can help the people to "find themselves" musically, not by condemning the jazz and popular song, but by giving the people something to take their place. I am sure it can be done, for I have seen a humble little person succeed in a very discouraging community. Therefore, I speak boldly concerning it. This lady loved the "better" music. She canvassed the village (a small mill town) and succeeded in finding fifteen records of real merit. Three were from the "Bohemian Girl," one from "Madame Butterfly," one from "Mignon." The rest were marches, hymns, ballads, violin solos, etc. As there were three records from the "Bohemian Girl," she chose that for her first experiment.

No one knew what her plan was, not even the school children, except that they were to have something unusual.

Over and over she rehearsed to herself the thrilling scenes in the "Bohemian Girl." She sent to the state library for material that she might be sure to give the best in the story.

With her pupils' help, she succeeded in borrowing a phonograph for an evening. Also the three records, "The Heart Bowed Down," "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and "Then You'll Remember Me."

The people were invited to the school building. The pupils gave the first few numbers on the program. Then the teacher began her story. One thrilling scene followed another and as she came to each important climax she said, "Oh, it hard to explain this; only a record can really tell you." The record was played. She felt that her audience was with her, listening, intensely interested.

After the story, she asked them if they would like another evening like this. Everyone was anxious to have it. She had five entertainments of this kind during the winter. A great deal of work, yes, but anything worth while means work, and the results were so satisfying.

She knew that her bit of missionary work was having an influence on the lives of these honest people. They soon began asking her opinion on lists of records they were buying.

She had won their love and confidence through the medium of good music, but her greatest reward was the realization of having awakened in the minds of these people a love and desire for the best in music.

MRS. ANNIE NEWMAN RAINE



OFFICERS

Miss Muriel Paul	President
J. B. V. Butler.....	First Vice President
Miss Clayton Burrows.....	Second Vice President
Miss Florence Enchede	Secretary
Ira C. Powell	Treasurer

On the Oregon Normal School campus in June, 1922, drawn together by as memorable occasion as is found in the history of any school, many alumni assembled.

Fifty years ago five students had held their commencement exercises here, the first class to graduate from the Christian College, the mother institution of the present Oregon Normal School.

The class of 1922 felt greatly honored to be able to celebrate with three members of the class of 1872. These three who graduated and took part in a number of the festivities were Mrs. Mary Campbell, Mr. Bruce Wolverton, and Judge Charles Wolverton. A fourth member of the class, W. D. Fenton, was unable to attend on account of illness. Only one of this sturdy group, Mrs. Oscar Knox, has passed away, and her death occurred in 1921.

The astounding changes must have impressed the pioneers of the old college. As they appeared before the students and faculty, undoubtedly memories and comparisons crossed and recrossed their minds.

Owing to the fact that Mr. Bruce Wolverton was a retired minister, the class of 1922 honored him by giving him the privilege of delivering their Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, June 11.

On the evening of June 13, the alumni program and banquet brought representatives of many classes of the old regime and of the new into enjoyable contact.

The occasion was significant too in that it was the fortieth anniversary of the last class to graduate from the Christian College, before it became the Normal School. Four members of that class were present to drink a toast to the old days.

At the open alumni program, two former presidents of the old school were the speakers of the evening, President Campbell of the University of Oregon and

Dean Ressler of the Oregon Agricultural College. Many friends from the towns-people of Monmouth joined with the faculty and class of 1922 in honoring them and the alumni graduates.

The Alumni Banquet was the outstanding feature of the celebration. The dining room was artistically as well as historically arranged. Among those at the center table were the honored guests, President Campbell, President Landers and the toastmaster of the occasion, Dr. J. M. Powell of the class of 1873. At a second table sat the other graduates of Christian College. At a third table were seated Dean Ressler and the students who had studied under his presidency.

Many of those who graduated under President Ackerman gathered together at a fourth table, while all about were the graduates of 1922, who contributed to the jollity and good fellowship with old and new school songs.

Doctor Powell as toastmaster proposed the following toasts:

The Christian College.....	Doctor Powell
The Class of 1882.....	Mrs. Clara Gard Cooper
The Normal School.....	Thomas H. Gentle
Memories	Muriel Paul
The President and the Future of the School.....	Lenora Smith

Though that part of the program was thoroughly appreciated by the Alumni present, they insisted on hearing again from President Campbell, Mr. Wolverton, Dean Ressler, and from President Landers; and were loath to join in singing, at last, "Auld Lang Syne."

The spirit of loyalty and love of school was manifest throughout the Alumni gatherings and celebrations. The Alumni has been, and is, working for our school. May the present and future classes work so that they will carry on the work of the present Alumni.

This is an organization for aiding every person connected with the Oregon Normal School. Feel free to write to the officers: Miss Muriel Powell, McMinnville, Oregon; Miss Florence Enchede, Elkins, Oregon.

An Appreciation

MR. JOHN V. BENNES, Architect

Who designed and executed for the Class of 1922 the artistic pergola which serves to beautify the building known as the heating plant. His kindness and consideration were indeed a great favor.

The pergola's artistic structure lends grace to the entire campus, for which Mr. Bennes is quite responsible. The spirit that students have as they enter the laundry, the ever contented face of Mr. Scott as he goes to and fro on his duty, and its popularity with students and visitors who have but a few minutes leisure to stroll, are unsolicited testimonies of its worth. All cannot help but feel a gratitude for its being in their view.

The students and faculty who will marvel at the mingling of lavender, white, pink, black and green clusters covering the conventional trellis design, may also thank our dean, Miss Todd, who thoughtfully suggested the planting of the wisteria, clematis, Cecil Bruner rose and evergreen blackberry vines. They will also feel ever indebted to the designer and to the Class of '22, which financed its construction in memory of a worth-while and eventful school life.



Golden Days

Four-act Play by Sidney Toler and Marion Short

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. John Simmonds.....	Margaret Plock
Sarah Applegate Slissy.....	Grace Hendrickson
Betsy Scroggins	Lucy Spittle
Mary Ann Simmonds.....	Alice Aldrich
Mrs. Drexel Kirkland.....	Alice Smith
Felice (Mrs. K.'s French maid).....	Eleanor Furney
Richard Stanhope	Harold Price
Trelle Webb	Orrell Powell
Elaine Jewett	Dorothy Mueller
Lloyd Henderson	Earl Condit
William Barclay	Frank Beer
Charlie Mason	Truman Pease
"Teddy" Farnum	Neal Edwards
Patty Ellison	Adeline Blessing
Frank Montgomery	Mark Naugle
Annabelle Larsh	Margaret Anderson
Edgar Moon	Leslie Clemo

"Golden Days" as portrayed by a cast of the Junior class, March 3, 1923, was the annual Junior class play, given under the direction of Miss Martha Darrah.

The scenery, properties and lighting effects were worked out by Thelma Sunderland, Marguerite Mortenson, Vesta Scholl, Hazel Robinson, and Eleise Hinkle, under the direction of Miss Laura Taylor. Music was furnished by the Normal Orchestra under the direction of Miss Helen Moore.



The Neighbors

By Zona Gale

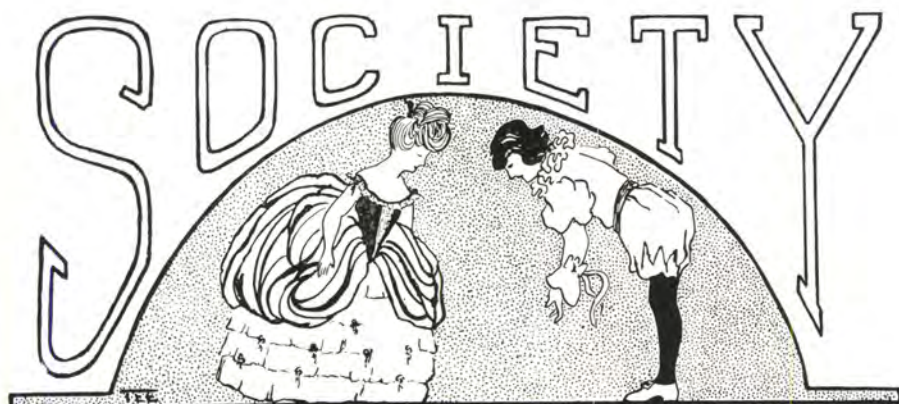
Inez	Marguerite Hansen
Mrs. Abel	Pearl Eyre
Grandma	Esther Garbe
Mrs. Trot	Helen Boyd
Mrs. Moran	Lillian Lusk
Mrs. Ellsworth.....	Buelah M. Bovington
Ezra Williams	Mrs. Whitcomb
Peter	L. J. Wells

Coach, Greta Brummage. Stage Managers, Gladys Dix, Dorothy Guthridge, Anna Hortman, Eleanor Shenk.

"The Neighbors," a one-act play, was given during the summer term, 1922, by the Dramatic Art class.

SENIOR PLAY

The Senior Class play was presented under the direction of Miss Martha Darrah.



ONE SEES IT

Being excerpts from the diary of what we fondly believe is the reincarnation of a 17th century soul. There remains some doubt as to whether she was a student or not, but that she knew and observed us in our comings and goings, is obvious. We trust that all will understand that the introduction of so much of her personal affairs was unavoidable. Proceed, now, with our commendation.

Sept. 30, 1922.

This evening, then did we don our best, I my mulberry brocade just home from the draper's, and Sam his new swallow tail and hand embroidered waistcoat with silver buttons over the which I had spent long hours with pumice and dry cloth to make them bright. True it is a bore to polish buttons, but I was determined that my husband should do us credit at the affair, which, being the faculty reception of the Oregon Normal School, was very select. Sam made some trouble with his collar and as we prepared to set out, I did perceive him in an abominable humor therefrom. We proceeded to the spacious auditorium in a taxi which cast Sam into a worse mood as it did cost \$1.50. But I quickly silenced his mutterings by saying in a meaningful tone that the price of Fords had come down \$50. Mingled then with the other guests, and clasped hands all down the line of our genial and kindly hosts and hostesses. They did invite us to comfortable seats from which we did view the various dancings of the entertainment provided our merry group. Then did we partake of dainty viands, and informally discourse on the day's doings. Now again we are at home. I to writing quietly. I do hear Sam practicing his Emile Coue, "Every day in every way, I grow better and better." I see little alteration.

Oct. 20, 1922.

Tonight at the gym attended the dance of All Hallows. Seeing it was Hal-lowe'en, did I anoint my cheeks with some of the new orange rouge. To make more contrast, I left my hair of great blackness. Sam, the great zaney, laughed long and loud and did say many hurtful things which he held humorous. Thereto arrived we silent at the gym. We found it most fearsomely dressed with rustling leaves of great brightness and many horrid bats, owls and witches. Youths and maids whirled greatly to the sound of the new music. The tunes were all strange

to me, but Sam, thinking to show me his superior acquaintance with young folks, did move his lips foolishly, to fool me that he knew the words, as we danced. Then to talk with the patrons and patronesses, Miss Todd, and many faculty couples, who were talking and dancing as each listed. More dancing, and presently home as Sam explained many new steps. A busy day tomorrow with guests.

Nov. 25, 1922.

Sam reading again of the new books. Has acquired some ideas of unconventionality. It was only by appealing to his vanity that I did finally induce him to array himself in his best for the Thanksgiving dance. He making himself very tiresome while dressing by telling of his wonderful new theories. I listened. Such is the accursed custom of men folk. My husband in a self righteous mood did dance gravely the waltzes, and did strive to look scholarly. But that I did not worry over. Rather I amused me looking at the evergreen decorations, even the tree in the corner with the lighted moon above it, and the blue streamer and dangling silver stars all heights and sizes. It was a lovely fairylike scene, enlivened by moving gay dancers.

Dec. 16, 1922.

To the shops and greatly depressed at the sudden ebb of my bank balance, which I did consider walking home thru the town. To my house to find my husband singing one of his hymns, "Carol, Brothers, Carol," that he is forever practicing for a lodge banquet, for all the world as if he had not to make himself resplendent for the Christmas dance. He no whit displeased, made haste. Of late I do notice he has grown fonder of dances. We to the gym then swiftly where we mingled gaily with the rest in the dance about the tall beautiful Christmas tree. Mirthfully the dancers did catch the shredded silver from the branches to adorn their hair and wrists and coat lapels. I remarked Sam, the great silly, making careful bracelets for what he now says was a flapper. I've heard of them. While she didn't flap while I watched, I am bound there are possibilities. When the time of the feature dance was come, and the orchestra played softly "Holy Night," Sam did dance voluptuously and sing of the words into my ear. Sam was reputed a good voice, which I am happy to say he still retains.

Jan. 20, 1923.

This morning and the whole day busy. Came a call from the tailor who is fashioning my husband's new garments. He to say they could not be completed for the evening dance. I in a wild state for that I had given the old ones to the ashman. Rushed I then into the next street, and beheld the ashman afar off. Despatched quickly a boy to fetch him, which he did. Found that the disreputable creature had so quickly sold the suit. Home then, and a telephone call to the tailor. I routed him sharply and did extract a promise of the suit by evening on pain of a withdrawal of our custom should he fail. Sam home this evening and bedecked in his newest, little suspecting what had gone before. Took a taxi to the gym, scene of the evening's festivities. There the charm of old Japan possessed us. Dainty maids garbed as Nipponese did relieve us of our wraps and give of pretty bills of the order of the dance. Everywhere were daintily colored lanterns. From the beams depended pastel tinted paper panels or perhaps one might say unrolled scrolls on which appeared in deep black Japanese characters. Sam did explain that they were pedigree charts, telling of the ancestors of those present. I knew not. But this I did—they were so pretty so close above us,

that I do now desire a teagown of such combinations. He did begin to speak in feeling terms of "Saki," the which he learned about while in the navy.

Feb. 3, 1923.

Tonight to the student body party. Never has the gym, whose rafters have rung with so many good times, seen one like it. The place was as a ship. Crow's nest, signals, bell, banners, and all. All the people were immigrants coming to America. While the ship did wait for signals which Sam explained to me, the doughty captain invited each country to entertain, which all did with alacrity. Holland, Ireland, Spain, Russia, Japan, Argentine, France, Sweden, Scotland—they did all appear and cavort right smartly. Sam did prefer the "Parlez vous Français?", "Oui, je parle, que ditez-vous?" of the French, even though I urged upon him the goodliness and simple truth to life of the Swedes. But Sam is so plebian. He did even prefer the music hall to the play.

Feb. 24, 1923.

The morning spent beneath a mask of this new facial clay. Disgusting stuff despite the claims of the company. But I do not complain. Read the while from the new poetry. I declare, I think Sam must change to a professional poet. I do mark he talks like that sometimes. Did discover Sam reading the automobile sections. Perhaps—who knows? Tonight did we fare forth to the dance in honor of the birthday of that rebel Washington. Of course our family was not in favor of his cause. Yet, I did freely enjoy the dance. Patriotic streamers did swirl from the center of the ceiling, to the walls, where were crests of shields and evergreens. This effective simplicity did portray the native characteristics of him whom they did honor. Sam did anger me greatly by telling on the way home of the life of George Washington which I knew by heart before. But not wishing to cross him, I made not an objection. So, without much talk we arrived. I do perceive the talk about the new clay is not all madness.

March 4, 1923.

As I did cast over my diary today, I did make discovery that we have entertained a number of the great and the near great in the time just past. I will set their names here, that I may find them if need be. Nov. 22 and 23, Mr. Himes honored us. Mr. Montague did also Nov. 8. Mr. Griffith also, Nov. 16. Nov. 27, Captain Hall here. On Jan. 17 did come John Gill, and Mr. Sykes on Jan. 22. Delightful guests had we from Korea, on Feb. 1, Miss Kim and Miss Creed. Also Dean Fox DeCou of O. A. C. last Dec. 6. Only recently, too, that citizen of the world Mr. Skeyhill, March 2. I do bethink there have been others, but my pages disclose them not to my satisfaction. I do notice many new memory courses in the magazines by which one is able to remember Mr. Addison Simms of Seattle for three years. Perhaps, though I imagine Sam's mirth, something like that would help me. My memory for names waxes poorer daily.

March 7, 1923.

Spring seems here at last. I did look today at my wardrobe which has the appearance in the searching sunlight of a scarecrow's apparel. Just when I reviled the necessity of new things came a telegram from my Aunt Marie in the city. And does she request my presence in her home till summer. Do regret leaving Sam as his helplessness is like unto that of a baby. But new clothes and duties must ever clash. Tomorrow will I board the steam train to return not till early summer.

June 30, 1923.

Returned, once again, today to Sam and my home. My trunks being unpacked do disclose a delightfully satisfying array of garments. There is my new ball gown of brocade, and my street dress of rich cloth and my feather hat.

Sam in his slow fashion finally disclosed that he had attended several affairs during my absence. But the great goose is so irresponsible he has no recollection of them save that he enjoyed himself largely. I cleaning his bureau did discover his programs which do show that he danced March 10, and April 14, and May 24. The greatest of all that I missed was the Junior Prom, June 9. Sam did surprise me by meeting my train and putting me and my portmanteau into our car, which he drives with what he says is careless abandon. That it does appear to me abject criminal inexperience matters not. Taxis were safer but this pleases my husband.





Hear the Normal bells ringing



The long
and
the short of it.



Saturday A.M. Medley



Oh, Say you'll be mine!



Our Miss Todd



Independence Cadets



In Training



How come, Burton?



Siamese Twins



In



Jack & Jill



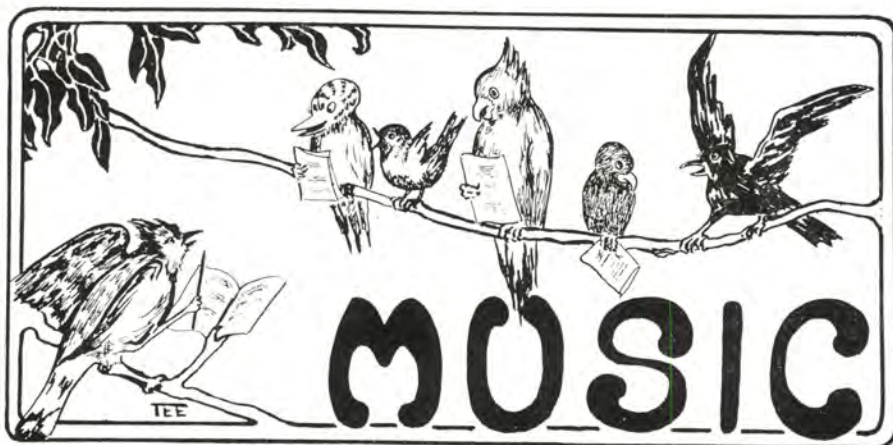
Pals



Forever "yours"



That com. authorizes



THE LYCEUM COURSE

We have been most fortunate this year at Normal in having Lyceum numbers of an inspiring and highly entertaining type.

During the summer session, the course furnished us with two enjoyable numbers, namely, a concert by the Apollo Club, and an evening of delightful entertainment by Miss Schultz, a well-known violinist from Boston, Massachusetts.

Since September we have had two musical numbers of commendable worth on our Lyceum calendar. The first one was given in the chapel on the night of November 7th, a concert by Madame Nevada Van der Veer, contralto, and Reed Miller, tenor. Madame Van der Veer made a most charming impression, singing the modern songs of her program as artistically as the classical ones. There is a richness and color in her voice and she is so skillful in the use of it that her interpretations are a source of pure delight. Mr. Reed, an accomplished tenor, also displayed a voice of clear quality, wide range and sympathetic timber. Stuart Wille assisted at the piano. The following is the program:

Duet—The Jewels of the Madonna.....	Wolf-Ferrari
If, With All Your Heart.....	Mendelssohn
Come and Trip It.....	Handel
Aria—Salvator Rosa	Gomez

Mr. Miller

Ah Rendi Mi	Rossi
Serenade	Strauss
The Unforeseen	Scott
Air de Salome	Massenet

Madame Van der Veer

Waltz, C Major	Beethoven
Etude de Concert	Leschetizsky

Stuart Wille

Duet—Flight of Clouds	Teschen Folk Song
Nearest and Dearest	
The Last Song	Rogers
Lilac Tree	Garchau

Oh! Lordy	Strickland
Down to Garyowen	Osgood
Mr. Miller	
Song of the Robin Woman.....	Cadman
Would I Were a Tender Apple Blossom.....	Old Irish
Sing to Me, Sing.....	Homer
Madame Van der Veer	
Duet—O Lovely Night	Ronald

Encore numbers which especially appealed were "The Keys to Heaven," "My Lindy Lou," and an aria from Samson and Delilah.

On March 26th we had the unusual opportunity of hearing Mozart's most delightful opera comique, "Cossi fan tutte," presented by William Wade Hinshaw and directed by the Elwyn Concert Bureau. "Cossi fan tutte," or "The School for Lovers," is a two-act opera full of tuneful, gay and sparkling music and picturesque settings. The time is the eighteenth century, the place is Naples, and the scenes are laid in the palace and gardens of Leonora and Dorabella, two young ladies who are sisters and who are each engaged to be married to two respective Neapolitan officers. In brief the plot is this: A cynical old bachelor, believing women fickle, persuades the two young men to put their fiancées' constancy to a test, and suggests the usual method—that of the disguise. The young men try this, disguised as rich Albanian noblemen, make love to fair ladies anew, and after many repulses and the pretense of taking poison to gain at least sympathy, each young man finally succeeds in winning the heart of his friend's betrothed. Affairs proceed—but as is quite inevitable, all ends happily, the joke is explained and the closing words are: It is impossible to be angry with woman for flirting—since "'tis woman's nature"—"Cossi fan tutte."

The soprano lead was taken by Irene Williams, who has a sweet, clear, tuneful lyric voice which shows remarkable cultivation. Supporting her were Judson House, tenor, Leo de Hieropolis, baritone, and others, all with voices of extraordinary quality and richness of tone. The opera was sung in English.



STUDENT-FRIENDSHIP FUND

"Save your chum." Well, we did the saving act to the extent of making individual pledges amounting to \$130. We truly were glad to help the European students after the conditions in the universities there were described to us so well by Dean Fox DeCou.

EDUCATION WEEK AT O. N. S.

Education Week was Normal Publicity Week this year. Pamphlets were sent throughout the state, especially to all the newspapers.

BOOK WEEK AT O. N. S.

Book Week was an interesting time at O. N. S. this year. In the Model Library was arranged a charming display of books that would be of assistance to teachers. Attractive posters and suggestive programs for special days were arranged with each display.

Independence and Monmouth Training School pupils were familiarized with favorite characters in children's books through the aid of story-telling classes. As a "follow-up" came the entertaining and educative playlet, "Friends in Bookland."

But the most enjoyable feature was a mere book review! And on such a subject—"The Story of Man"! Who gave the inspiring lecture? Mr. Gentle. And was the book truly interesting? Well, it proved to be one of the most popular in the library!

THOSE ORPHANS

Oh, how pathetic those imitations were! The song the dear little half-clothed urchins sang this morning, pleading for our presence at the program, made us part ourselves from the dime, and we saw the cleverest stunts and one-act play. We more than cleared the last \$50 of the \$200 pledge of the Student Body for the Orphanage near Corvallis.

OUR ARMISTICE DAY PROGRAM

Very elaborate plans were made for the Armistice Day program and it was an unusually attractive one. Chaplain William S. Gilbert of Astoria gave the address. A luncheon was served to the members of the Legion, Spanish-American War Veterans, G. A. R. and Auxiliaries who were the honor guests at this program given November 11 in the Normal Chapel.

THANKSGIVING VACATION

Very appropriate chapel exercises took place the morning before the members of the Oregon Normal School dispersed in every direction for Thanksgiving vacation. It was truly with gay and grateful hearts that they took leave of Monmouth. But what of the lonely ones left to pine the days away? Ask them! They'll still remember all the details of Thanksgiving dinner at the good old Dorm and the old time "Kid Party." All faces were glowing at the first chapel after vacation, for all had had a joyous vacation.

THAT LAST TRIP TO SALEM

Who's goin' to Salem? And where did about 125 of us go that Wednesday morning? To the Insane Asylum and State Hospital—also the Penitentiary! But we were turned loose at noon. Freedom meant "eats." In the afternoon we went up to the State House where we observed the working of both houses, the legislature fortunately being in session at this time.

The trip, taken all together, was a very practical lesson in civics and economics and it cannot but affect, if but in a small measure, our teaching, for it has given us a better understanding of some of the outstanding social problems of the day. And the trip was the more appreciated as an opportunity, because ordinarily it is so hard for many to visit the institutions in Salem and especially to arrange to be there when the legislature is in session.

A DECIDED IMPROVEMENT

We get more work done and have snappier, more interesting exercises since the chapel hour was changed from 9:45 to 11 a. m.

ROMANCE IN THE NORM OFFICE

My word! Did I get that right? I wonder who took it. Must have been a joke! Joe Harvey didn't think so. Fancy the disappointment of the young man on discovering his Norm photo had mysteriously disappeared and not being able to ascertain which fair maid was so enamoured of him. Even when he promised a photo to the one who would return it, the wall of silence continued. Not even Bert Evans' arguments prevailed. Think how romantic—to feel sure some bonnie lassie had tucked it 'neath her coat that day and yet never to be quite sure it was really she!

Summer School Squibs

- June 17—We arrive from all parts of this state (and a few others) and over-run the town.
- June 19—Lessons assigned.
- June 22—Mr. Southwick of the Boston School of Oratory gave us two splendid recitals and a lecture.
- June 23—The faculty gave us an informal reception in the chapel. We especially appreciated the violin numbers by Marian Telford of Oregon City.
- June 27—Proud of our day's work, for we elected Mr. Francis Lord student body president; Mr. Davenport, vice-president; Beulah McCord Bovington, secretary-treasurer, and Susie J. Bonner, song leader.
- June 30—It was decided to change our usual summer school organization, that of a county grouping, to a less sectional plan, so we were divided into four groups, according to our chapel seats. Each group immediately organized and elected officers.
"Little Lord Fauntleroy."
- July 1—Senior Cottage girls gave a dance in the gym.
- July 5—Everyone busily going to Chautauqua these days.
- July 8—Hula girls of Group 2 gave a chapel stunt, and in the evening entertained royally in the grove.
Group 4 in charge of the dance in gym.
We went to school all day to make up for the extra day given us over the week-end of the 4th.
- July 11—Mr. Butler's birthday. Miss Schuette taught us a special song which we sang to him as he entered chapel.
- July 13—Daddy Butler and Miss Chandler piloted a large group of students on the semi-annual trip through the state institutions at Salem. No casualties reported.
"Apollo Club" of Salem.
- July 14—"A Bachelor Daddy."
- July 15—Group 3 in charge of dance in the gym.
- July 17—Mr. G. A. Burkhead, an alumnus, who is doing educational work among the disabled soldiers at Stockton, California, told us of some of his work.
- July 18—Dr. Russel Brower of White Temple, Portland, spoke.
- July 20—Miss Brenton's chapel talk on poster-making very practical and enjoyable.
About this time a rumor coming from a reliable source informed us that the President was seen crawling through the outer window into his office. When confronted he claimed to have left his keys at home.
- July 21—"Across the Continent."
President P. L. Campbell of U. of O. gave an address in chapel.
- July 22—Group 4 Calico Ball in the gym, while Group 1 fashion in the grove.
- July 24—Superintendent Churchill visited us and discussed and explained use of the new course of study.
- July 26—Booster student body meeting, in which we all pledged to help O. N. S. gain her objectives.
Glee Club, under direction of Miss Schuette, and Dramatic Arts Class, under direction of Miss Godbold, presented a student body entertainment.

- July 27—Mr. J. A. Handsaker of Portland, and a representative of the Near East Relief work, gave a talk on the eastern situation. The faculty and student body "took up" a collection and raised \$36.10.
- July 28—Dr. Edward Devine, of U. of O. Summer School, and for many years a welfare worker in New York City, spoke on "Americanization." Training schools at Monmouth, Independence, and Mountain View closed after a very successful and initial summer term. The girls in the Dorm sang a "Requiem" for lesson plans.
- July 29—Fairyland Ball by Group 1.
- July 30—Part of faculty departed for their vacation.
- July 31—There are just about half of us left for the second six weeks' term.
- Aug. 4—"Good Provider."
- Aug. 5—Watermelon served a la rind in grove by Group 1. The faculty, however, had the first taste in chapel this morning. We never knew Mr. Beattie enjoyed watermelon so much.
- Aug. 12—Prof. Edwin Reed of O. A. C. read a variety of his original poems in chapel.
- Aug. 14—Glee Club president announced: "Glee Club practice today at 4 o'clock and I want to see every single girl there."
- Aug. 16—Dramatic Art Class gave "Where But in America?"
- Aug. 17—Entertained by piano solos played by Mrs. Mabel Grounds.
- Aug. 18—"Three Musketeers."
- Aug. 19—Indoor track meet in Mr. Butler's room. Never could find out who won the peanut race.
- Aug. 24—Violin concert by Miss Mary Schultz of Salem.
- Aug. 25—"Way Down East."
- Aug. 26—Chautauqua given by Group 4. The educated horse told us Mr. Gentle's exact age. We are surprised.
- Aug. 28—Senator Gill spoke on "Indian Life of Columbia Basin."
- Aug. 29—A children's three-act play, "The Silver Thread," given by cast of thirty town children under the direction of Miss Godbold and the Dramatic Art class. The children enjoyed it and we did too.
- Sept. 1—"All good things must have an end."

LEST WE FORGET

For those good old Sunday dinners,
For lunch and breakfast too,
For sandwiches and crackers—
Even for Irish stew—
For days we have celebrities,
And want all things to go just so.
The way our food is served to us
Is simply very grand, you know!
Have you stopped to consider this:
"Who is behind it all?"
Please pay to them in your spare time
A trifling little call,
Do go into the kitchen now;
In every busy place you'll see
A group of people who are t here
Preparing "joys" for you and me.
Mr. and Mrs. Bullock,
So patient and so kind,
Regardless of what happens,
No fault do they e'er find,
Great men have lived in obscure nooks,
And these kind folks have done it too.
When we are crushed by cooking trials,
I'll rec'llect Dorm eats then; will you?
—A. K. M.

May we here express a word of appreciation to Mr. J. T. Bullock, Mrs. J. T. Bullock, Mr. Marshall Teter, Miss Blanch Sloane, and Mr. Glen McNeil.

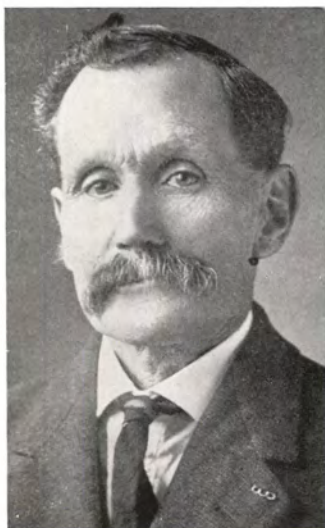
There are these friends at the Normal School to whom we carry requests and who unfailingly give kindest help and reliable service.



E. A. PAGENKOPF



OSCAR ZOOK



J. W. SCOTT

OREGON NORMAL MARCH

Oh! Oregon Normal, to thee our love we bring,
To thee our hearts and minds will ever cling;
Thy fame of other days, thy gifts so free,
Call us today to sing our praise to thee.

Chorus:

Love and honor to our Normal, our Normal old and grand;
Proudly we shall ever hail thee over all this land.
Oregon Normal, now we praise thee, sing joyfully this day,
Love and honor to our Normal, forever and a day.

Chorus:

Thy maples, thy hills, thy skies of azure hue,
To them is deepest inspiration due.
Thy dear, dear towers within this grove so fair,
To them do we our grateful homage bear.

Chorus:

On land and sea our hearts will ever be
The truest, bravest we can show to thee.
Our duty, ever in our loyalty,
To guard thy name through all eternity.

Chorus:

COLLEGES

Sing a song of Colleges, where would you like to go?
Pacific for her orators; for football, U. of O.;
O. A. C. for farmer boys; Willamette, you can guess;
Good old Mac for preacher boys; but for schoolmarms—
O. N. S.

O-R-E-G-O-N-S

O-R-E-G-O-N-S, we'll step along with you.
Come on now, let's show our "Pep",
Show what we can do.
O-N-S, you'll always live in our hearts so true.
For we're going to boost! boost! boost!
For you! you! you!

ALMA MATER

Oregon Normal, dear old Normal,
Holding high the Crimson and the Gray;
For you we'll ever fight,
And cheer with all our might!
We're ready now to play the game.
* We're going to win tonight.
When you see our colors striving,
"To win or die" will constant be our rule.
So Alma Mater, dear,
We know that victory's near,
Oregon Normal, dear old school.

BOOLA

Oregon Normal, Oregon Normal,
You're the fairest, you're the squarest.
Oregon Normal, we're here to cheer you,
Rah! rah! rah! rah!
For O. N. S.

(Repeat)

CHEER

What! Cheer! Cheer for O. N. S.
Cheer for Alma Mater,
Cheer for what we're after;
We're here, here to win success,
While we cheer for O. N. S.

Rah! Rah! Rah! (spoken)

(Repeat)

A NORMAL TOAST

O, here's to the Normal, beloved old Normal,
The Normal called O. N. S.
O, while we are braining at our teacher's training,
We'll be true to our Fount of Success.

Chorus:

Normal, Normal, praises to thee we'll sing;
To Oregon Normal, fair Oregon Normal,
Loyal hearts we'll bring.

O, here's to the Campus, the Gym where we rampus,
The Grove at O. N. S.
O, whether we're walking, or laughing, or talking,
We'll be true to our Fount of Success.

Chorus:

MEMORIES

Bim! bom! bim!
Hear the Normal bell a-ringing.
Bim! bom! bim!
In the tower high it swings.
Bim! bom! bim!
Far its clarion call a-flinging.
Bim! bom! bim!
Sweet the mem'ries that it brings.

Chorus:

Mem'ries of branches a-swaying,
Mem'ries of maple trees tall,
Beck'ning from each chapel window,
Mem'ries of class room and hall.
Mem'ries of tennis balls a-flying
O'er the cool shady court in the grove;
Mem'ries of our dear old Normal,
Mem'ries of days we love.

Bim! bom! bim!
Borne by breeze of early morning,
Bim! bom! bim!
On the noontide's quiet air,
Bim! bom! bim!
When the old bell sounds its warning,
Bim! bom! bim!
Comes a flood of mem'ries fair.

Chorus:

SING-A-LING-A-LING

Oh, Prexy dear, we'll sing-a-ling-a-ling
With all our hearts to you;
We hope there'll be some thing-a-ling-a-ling
You'll call on us to do.
In autumn, winter, spring-a-ling-a-ling,
And all the summer through,
We'll sing-a-ling-a-ling,
Praise bring-a-ling-a-ling,
Cheers ring-a-ling-a-ling to you!

WE'LL NEVER LET OUR OLD FLAG FALL

Stars and Stripes, the emblem of our nation,
Grand old flag of strength and unity,
Best old flag that waves in all creation,
Our Stars and Stripes, the flag of Liberty—
Stars and Stripes, our flag of grace and beauty,
Each brave heart will answer to thy call;
Hand in hand, we stand, to do our duty,
And we'll never let our old flag fall.

Chorus:

We'll never let our old flag fall,
For we love it the best of all.
We don't want to fight to show our might,
But when we start, we'll fight, fight, fight.
In peace or war, our voices ring,
"My Country, 'Tis of Thee," we sing;
At the sound of her call,
We'll show them all,
We'll never let our old flag fall.

Stars and Stripes, wave on, wave on forever,
O'er a land of Peace and Purity,
Bond of love that discord cannot sever,
Our dear old emblem of security.
Stars and Stripes, our flag of fame and story,
Each heart throbs in answer to thy call;
Side by side we'll fight for our Old Glory,
And we'll never let our old flag fall.

Oregon State Song**OREGON, MY OREGON**

Land of the Empire Builders,
Land of the Golden West;
Conquered and held by freemen,
Fairest and the best.
Onward and upward ever,
Forward, and on, and on;
Hail to thee, Land of Heroes,
My Oregon.

Land of the rose and sunshine,
Land of the summer's breeze;
Laden with health and vigor,
Fresh from the Western seas.
Blest by the blood of martyrs,
Land of the setting sun;
Hail to thee, Land of Promise,
My Oregon.

JUNIOR CLASS SONGS

(Sung to the tune of "There's a Bumble Bee a-Buzzin' Around My Door")

Here's to some of the Junior Class,
 Um-m there are many more,
 Rah! rah! rah! for the Junior Class,
 Great will be our score.
 Had O. N. S. ever such a bunch?
 Um-m no, no—never before.
 Here's to the Junior Class,
 Um-m and a little bit, Um-m and a little bit,
 Um-m and a little bit more.

(Sung to the tune of "I Got a Date, I Got a Date," etc.)

The Junior basketball team will play tonight,
 And we'll win.
 Come on now, you'll see a sight,
 We're going to fight with all our might,
 Thru' thick and thin.
 We're going to make it snappy and full of lots of pep,
 We're going to feel so happy when we make the Seniors fret,
 We're going to win, we're going to win, we're going to win
 tonight,
 Junior Team!

SENIOR CLASS SONGS

(Tune: "Don't Bring Me Posies")

Watch out you Juniors, we're the class of '23.
 When we get started, it just means victory.
 Your team's good, we all know,
 But oh, boy—just watch us go.
 Watch out you Juniors, we're the class of '23.

Way down yonder, where the Seniors all are boning
 To prepare for service and to take terra firma by storm.
 Oh the Seniors! The worthy Seniors! The peppy Seniors!
 We are backers, never slackers.
 Down at Normal, with the class of twenty-three.

(Tune: "Castle on the River Nile")

At the good old school called O. N. S.
 There is a class we call the best.
 Good old class of twenty-three,
 We're as happy as happy can be.
 When we get out in the world big,
 We'll make young hopefuls get in and dig.
 We'll boost for Normal, far and wide.
 Hurrah for Oregon Normal!
 Hurrah for Oregon Normal!
 Twenty-three honors you.

D-O-R-M

D-O-R-M, Dorm,
 We love you, we're true blue.
 L-o-y-a-l-t-y we feel in all we do.
 When we came to O. N. S.
 Then we found you were the best.
 Your friendly halls
 In memory calls,
 Our Dorm.

DEAR OLD DORM

We're loyal to you, dear old Dorm,
 We're going to be true, dear old Dorm.
 We'll back you to stand—
 You're the best in the land!
 For we think you are grand,
 Dear old Dorm.
 Then harbor us all, dear old Dorm—
 Each one great and small, dear old Dorm.
 Come hear the grand old story,
 We're from the Dormitory;
 Then give three cheers for the Dorm.

DORM DAYS

(Tune: "School Days")

Dorm days, Dorm days,
 Dear old golden Dorm days;
 Ice cream and pickles and Irish stew,
 You say you like them—
 Well, good for you! (spoken)
 You are the best Dorm in the state,
 The neatest, the cleanest, most up-to-date.
 We'll honor you long,
 We'll praise you in song,
 Our dear old Normal Dorm.

DORM SONG

Tune:

"Love's Old Sweet Song"
 "Swanee River"
 "Dixie Land"

Just a red brick building,
 Which we love so well,
 For it holds the memories
 That we love to tell.
 Way down in the Willamette Valley,
 At O. N. S.
 There's where our hearts will ever rally.
 For there we work and there we play,
 Preparing for a future day.
 At the Dorm, at the Dorm,
 At the Dorm, at the Dorm.

ONLY A NORMAL GIRL

Only a Normal Girl, that's all you are;
 Bounce all those fellows and stop grieving so;
 Your boys are few and far between,
 Don't let them enter in your dreams.
 So brush off that funny feeling round your heart,
 Let every thought of them depart.
 When September rolls around, let the boys fall to the ground,
 For you're only a Normal G-I-R-L.

Only a Normal Boy, why don't you make a show?
 With all these Normal Girls you're mighty slow.
 You're surely old enough to know that Normal Girls all like to go,
 So brush off that Sunday suit and wear it every day,
 You'll find in the end 'twill always pay.
 If this doesn't appeal to you, it will show you are not true
 To one of the Normal Girls.

D-O-R-M-I-T-O-R-Y

D-o-r-m-i-t-o-r-y, we're singing this to you;
 D-o-r-m-i-t-o-r-y, we're loyal thru and thru.
 We love this dear old Dorm! We'll boost for our old Dorm!
 We love its every room and hall—we love each memory of it all,
 We're here today to cheer for our old Dorm.

D-O-R-M

D-o-r-m, that's where the Normal girls stay.
 We are happy and will be loyal away;
 Good eats, clean sheets, that's why we're singing this song.
 The place for us at O. N. S. is our old Dorm.

I'D LIKE TO BE A FRIEND OF YOURS

I'd like to be a friend of yours; H'm, and a little bit more,
 I'd like to be a friend of yours; H'm, and a little bit more,
 I'd like to be a bumble bee buzzing 'round your door.
 I'd like to give you everything I've got—H'm, and a little bit,
 H'm, and a little bit more.

I'd like to be a friend of yours; H'm, and a little bit more,
 I'd like to be a friend of yours; H'm, and a little bit more,
 I'd like to be a little flower growing 'round your door.
 I'd like to give you everything I've got—H'm, and a little bit,
 H'm, and a little bit more.

I'd like to be a friend of yours; H'm, and a little bit more,
 I'd like to be a friend of yours; H'm, and a little bit more,
 I'd like to be a little Ford honking at your door.
 I'd like to give you everything I've got—H'm, and a little bit,
 H'm, and a little bit more.

A JINGLE

Nothing gives more glory than our dear old Dormitory
 In the morning,
 When the day is breaking, and the toast is in the making,
 In the morning,
 "Hyenas" are leaping, lazy ones are sleeping,
 Hurried and half dressed hosts, rushing to eat their toast,
 Off to classes, boning, teachers start a-groaning,
 In the morning.
 Rushing, after classes, with our luncheon dish we grapple,
 As in the morning.
 Though at ten-thirty our light must be out,
 We wouldn't change with anybody hereabouts;
 Nothing gives more glory than our dear old Dormitory
 In the morning.

—G. D. C.

NATURE'S WAY

It was a May night, one in a long, unbroken line of seventy-three. Moreover, it was an unusual night because the atmosphere conditions were such that the event which I am going to relate was possible. The day had been lovely, warm, and vibrating. Everything had been living intensely. Normal School girls and Normal men, with tennis rackets and flying tennis balls; the expectant May pole quivering with graceful ribbons; the soft whirl of new-made dust before light breeze; gleeful birds! Even the flowers and minutest blades of grass seemed to pulsate with joy.

Too, the tall tree tops as they swayed and beckoned before the light high wind seemed to be passing a message almost prophetic of some coming event. Perhaps it was—wait!

Then this night had come. The inanimate reigned. Nature's pulse throbbed with quickened and more accented beat. Darkness fell. Stars twinkled softly, as if peeking, then reappeared. The wind blew perceptibly faster. It was nature's night.

A call reverberated from one tree to another and another. If you could have understood, this is what you would have heard the very tallest tree say in his deep musical voice (for the voices of nature are musical): "Listen."

A single note of command. Not a tree but swayed in acquiescence. Not a leaf stirred in contradiction. Then in a voice befitting his station the leader accounted for this unusual strangeness.

"As you know, seventy-one years have passed since our last long talk. At that time our strength and our size were concealed in baby plants. Countless events have had their beginnings, and many their endings, since then. Tonight we have convened to review this past of growth and contemplate the future.

"You, the tree to my right, please help us to orient ourselves in retrospection. Let the rest be silent."

Here the speaker ceased. Anyone walking in the grove below would probably have said, "What a pleasant breeze tonight." This, then, is the story which the May wind carried from tree to tree:

"Seventy-one years ago we were talking, as we are talking tonight. At that time we were very small, yet in us there was the making of mighty giants. It was the desire and aim of the one who planted us that we should grow commandingly tall and strong and straight. That the place where he planted us should be a spot of beauty, incidentally a grove for protection from all manner of weather, and especially a place for recreation. So strong and impelling was his desire that unconsciously he planted part of that spirit in us. He knew it not. His will and desire was tangible from the mind in its strength, so that it became a part of us and we the embodiment of it.

"That is why, on that night, so long ago, our leader called us together. It was unanimously resolved by all that we strive and endeavor each year to incarnate more completely this spirit within us to become as intended, a means of protection, beauty, and betterment.

"We have had no opportunity before, as tonight, for entire communication. Yet we have had occasion, when the high wind bent our tops, to pass a word to our neighbor. Ah! the merriment we enjoy when soft human whispers rise from below. By the way, my left, just bend down and look at the long dark shadow down my trunk. Oh, dear! Ha! ha! ha! When I think how I acquired that rip down my side it makes me laugh fit to burst my rough coat. You say you want me to tell about it. Ha! ha! The memory is still fresh. But stay, I'll tell you a part. The night when that happened the first pair of lovers who sat on the bench at my feet christened it 'Lovers' Bench.'

"There had been a bonfire, a big red bonfire! All day the sticks were gathered and piled high. How the flames danced and spurted and spouted as the sticks crackled over them. Such laughter and such glistening eyes! And there were the long slim shadows of the trees. Well!

"As this valley was becoming settled, people saw the need for a higher institution of learning and the Christian College, which is now the administration building of the Normal, was built. You know how proud and glad we were to

have this building near us so that we could enhance its beauty and add to the lines the architect planned. In winter we have broken the strong winds, while in summer we have kept out the heat, making the rooms cool and shaded.

"Thus the years have passed with us guarding constantly. There have been times when the school faced darkness and discouragement, yet always light has come. Then was the spirit within us glad and triumphant.

"The students, too, have been joyous because of us. Sometimes I muse and wonder if they realize the motive of the one who planted us.

"What fun there has been in the past at our roots, when champions vied with one another on the court for final honors. There have been many, many other occasions when we afforded opportunity for pleasure and enjoyment. I am thinking now of the summer Sunday afternoons when the Salem symphony band played on the lawn for the students and community while these people gathered under our shading branches, listening with appreciative ear and quiet attention. What a picture to one who looked on at a short distance—the girls in light dresses against our dark background!

"Other programs there have been too, when on summer evenings groups performed their stunts in our midst. What a success the programs were! What a failure they would have been had they been given in a warm, stuffy auditorium.

"Thus the years have gone and we have grown with them. But what is more important, the school has grown too, in numbers and in standard. Last fall the school opened with an attendance twice as large as the two previous years. Outside conditions mean a growing future. I am proud of the past and anticipatory of the future; glad that I, unlike a human, can live and live, thus enjoying what the future will unfold for the Normal. Are you not?"

The trees bowed and swayed in strong accent. No, it was not a storm, only the trees' means of expression.

"Listen."

It was the leader talking again. "We have greatly enjoyed this refreshing of our memories. Just as this good tree has said, we are all proud of our position on the campus and hopeful for the future of our school. There is no doubt about it. The Normal will grow. It must grow, in numbers, in equipment, in standard. How happy I am that we can guard it in time to come as we have done in times past! Some in the state do not know of us. These go to other schools when they perhaps would be better provided for here. But they shall know of us.

"The wind is light and swift. It shall carry the message to North, East, South, and West. In the autumn and winter when the needles leave us, they shall go with the wind and tell it in out of the way places. The birds that spend their summer with us also shall aid. They will not fail to spread the news which they hear while sporting on the campus.

"These are our messengers and means of communication. Man has others, different, it is true, but no matter the means, everyone shall know of the Normal's advantages and standards. I must hasten! The streets are filling! They will be in our midst. A frolic has been planned for tonight. I have time for only one word. Let us each, observant of that spirit which we embody, strive and endeavor to make the Normal as the students sing so well—a bigger, better Normal!"

His voice subsided in a rustle of limbs. Nature's brief reign was ended.

C. GRANT.

SENIOR COTTAGE

Between the Dormitory and the Administration building there stands a house which is known as the Senior Cottage. It was erected in 1917 and is of the Old English type of architecture.

There are thirteen rooms which will comfortably accommodate twenty-six girls. Aside from this there is a room for the chaperone and one used as a mother's room. The Cottage has a very attractive living room and two sleeping porches.

The girls who live in the Cottage are selected by the Dean of Women and voted on by the President and the faculty. There are three requirements the girls who live in the Cottage must meet. They must be good housekeepers, have a helpful attitude, and have a good standing in school work. The girls in the Cottage enjoy the advantages of a cultured home.

THE JUNIOR HOUSE

The Junior House, one of the two honor houses under Dormitory rule, is located about two blocks south of the Administration building, on the opposite side of the Normal street. It is beside Morland's new store.

This house was organized on January 11, 1921, and it accommodates during an entire year on an average of thirty-six girls and Miss Brainerd, the House Mother.

The requirements for entering the Junior House are like those of the Senior Cottage. One must have an honorable character and a studious disposition.

Here the girls become well acquainted and enjoy their family life with the beloved House Mother.



Step 1-2-3-4.



Awkward Squad



Make Believe.



Tipsy Tops



Welcome Sweet Springtime!



Mrs. Harris and Patty



Lizzie's first bath



Longing



Strong Man



The Younger Set



Flap-jack Squad



May Day

The May Day Fete at the Oregon Normal School is one of the distinctive happenings of the school year, particularly of a student's Junior year, for it is a part of the delightful doings of Junior Week-end.

From the moment that "Bim-bom-bim!" clangs forth at very early morning from the old bell tower, until the last notes of "Home Sweet Home" die away on the midnight air, May Day is a continual round of music, of color, of motion, of gay conversation and happy laughter—and afterward it lives on, a never-to-be-forgotten joy of school life.

May Day, 1922, dawned in radiant loveliness, in the full beauty of a spring morning. At half past nine o'clock the old bell announced that it was the Queen's pleasure to view the festivities of the day. Thereupon the Herald of the day summoned the Classes to assemble on the Court of Honor, there to await the coming of the Queen. Out from the Central Door, past the Great Maple, and on through the Avenue of Trees in the Grove came, first, the Senior Procession bearing the gold and black flag with '22 and flaunting the senior colors, to the stirring strains of "Black-eyed Susan." After the Seniors had made their dignified bow to the audience they gave way to the Junior Procession carrying a green and white banner, showing '23, and waving high green and white streamers as they sang their appropriate class song, "Spring Time." When the class songs were ended, as one group, Seniors and Juniors united in singing the spring song of the school: "Fair Normal."

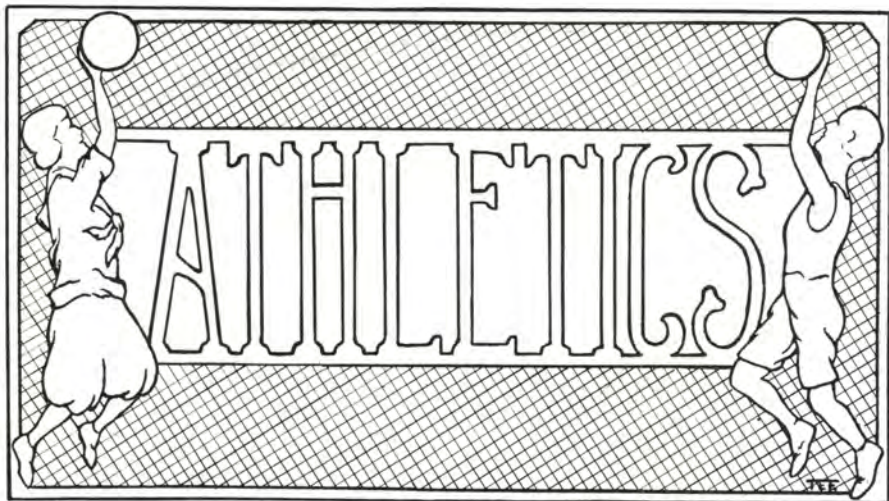
And now with her loyal subjects assembled to give her royal welcome, the heralds went forth to conduct the Queen to the place of honor, the Queen's Pavilion. Leading the Queen's Procession were members of the Woman's Glee Club, carrying various colored flower baskets, gaily decorated with the May Queen's colors, and as they tripped before her singing "All hail to thee, our lovely Queen" it was as if the Goddess of Spring and her train of Nymphs were appearing over the hills. The Queen was accompanied by a tiny herald, flower girls, train bearers and ladies in waiting, dressed in lovely tinted organdies and carrying sweeping arches of ocean spray. Amid the acclaim of the May Day revelers the Queen with gracious recognition of their homage was accorded the place as the center about which the festivities of the day revolved.

The Junior Class, from whose group the May Queen is selected, presented a moving show of pageantry, "Springtime Down the Ages," suggested by their class song and written especially for them.

The main interest of May Day lies in the program of competitive events in which the Senior and Junior Classes vie for the Queen's favor—and the President's trophy. These events were as follows: May Pole Winding, Drills, Folk Dances, Volley Ball, Baseball, and a Tennis Tournament.

In the late afternoon when the final scores were made, the tired but eager competitors gathered about the Queen in order that she might bestow upon the winners the blue ribbons of victory, and upon the president of the successful Junior Class the well-fought-for trophy—the President's cup.

The May Day Dancing Party, with which May Day closes, was the floating cream on a brimming cup of pleasure. The Gym had been transformed by the Seniors into a springtime bower, fairy-like with blossoming branches and rainbow streamers centering about the beautiful Junior May Pole. The competitive spirit of the day was lost in the great spirit of good fellowship and Seniors and Juniors were again united in praise of May Day at Oregon Normal.



1923 Banner Year for Athletics at O. N. S.

This year has been unprecedented in the development of athletics at the Normal School. The first concrete tennis court in the annals of the school history since its founding in 1883 has been laid down. Since the establishment of this court, tennis tournaments are being scheduled among students of the school, and negotiations with other institutions are being carried on.

In conjunction with this new athletic program, plans are being submitted for a new gridiron on the lower campus, where the "Professors" will send the ellipsoidal symbol to victory.

And thus out of the dark ages of athletics at Monmouth emerges the Renaissance of sport, a revival of the day when the Normal School was paramount among colleges and universities in athletics. May the new day see a national as well as a state revival.

FRED B. GRABHORN.

SENIOR TEAM

Gentle
EvansWall
VaughanBowman
Kaup

Basketball

The basketball teams of both classes showed force and promise. Intensive playing on the part of each individual on both sides gave the school some splendid opportunity for excited cheering.

JUNIOR TEAM



Beer

Edwards
ClemoHostetler
Condit



F. Beer



Capt. F. Vaughan



E. Evans



M. Gentle



Coach H. Dodds



L. Kaup



F. Oleman



E. Condit



N. Edwards

SENIOR TEAM



Ingram, Hixon, Bennie, Murphy
Bergen, Olson, Hattan

Basketball

Enthusiasm and pep aided greatly in making basketball a success the past year. The games were hotly contested, the Seniors winning three of the five games that were played.

The girls who won letters were: Seniors—Laura Olson, Melva Hattan, Barbara Hixon, Nell Ingram, Emily Bergen, and Dorothy Bennie. Juniors—Vesta Scholl, Alice Aldrich, Margaret Anderson, Lottie Netter, and Alice Smith.

JUNIOR TEAM



Aldrich
Netter

Anderson
Scholl

Smith

Melvin
Anderson



E. Bergen



N. Edwards



K. Wall



J. Wolfe



A. Aldrich

Tennis

Tennis constitutes the most inclusive athletic activity at Oregon Normal,—almost every student has his chance to participate in this very popular sport.

A tournament to determine representative players is held in the fore part of the summer and then the honor place is won by a "final" just before the close of the summer term.

There are five courts of which the students make excellent use. Recently the Student Body voted to construct a regulation concrete court on one of these five sites. It is the plan to have all of them put into permanent year-around condition in this way as soon as possible.

Students who do not already know the game, and who desire to learn, are ably assisted by Miss Taylor, head of the Physical Education Department, and Miss Chandler, her assistant.

During the tennis season the courts are scenes of much hilarity and labor, not only while the learning of the game proceeds, for those to whom it is new, but afterwards, when real games are fought for and won.

Here as never before is found the spirit of play. Clean, wholesome, stimulating is the atmosphere of our out-of-door sport. Just this sort of thing is needed, perhaps, more in a Normal School than anywhere else. Here we receive training in the game itself, cooperation, fair play, appreciation of the sport in order that we may inculcate those same ideals of sportsmanship in the young citizens of our state.

No student has fully realized the satisfaction of activity in Oregon Normal until he has entered, with racket and ball, plenty of pep and swing, into our one big sport, tennis.

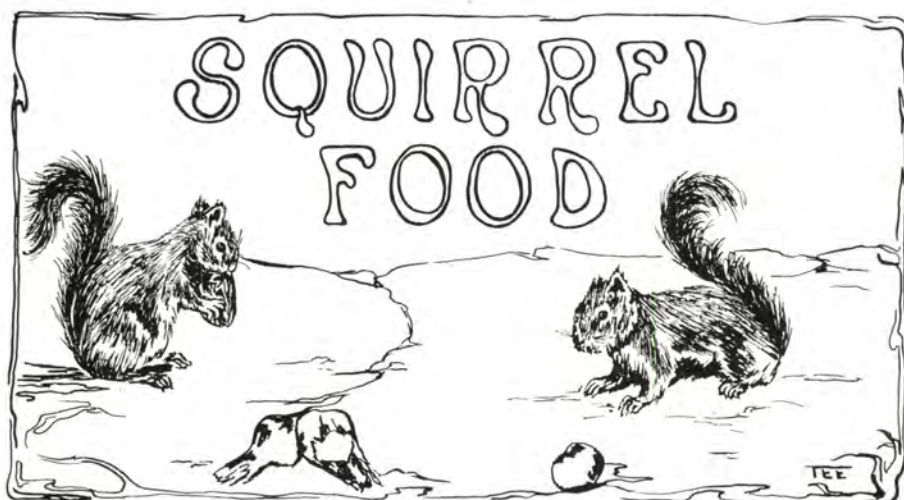


GYMNASIUM .

The gymnasium activity comprises elementary and advanced class-work, playground games, folk dancing, basketball, volley ball, in the Spring, tennis, and indoor baseball to a limited degree.

The physical education classes utilize the gymnasium also to practice methods of presenting this work of the class room in an attractive manner in order that Oregon teachers may learn to guard the children's liking for this one way which remains to the child of the present day of gaining a healthy, well-formed body. Restrained from activity for the long period of the day while sitting in schoolroom seats, that inactivity can be balanced by correct exercise.

The gymnasium training received, Swedish gymnastics, holds as paramount the development of the physical body. The exercises are not like those used in the kind known as German gymnastics.



Professor Squirrel
 Came to Normal
 To obtain
 New material
 For research.
 All of us
 Did our best
 And thus brought
 Little sayings
 Poems and parodies
 Which are printed
 On these pages.
 If you find
 That a secret
 You were keeping
 Is included,
 Be assured
 That we will
 Help you keep
 It from the world
 Forever and ever.

RETROSPECTION

Five hundred girls each day I meet,
 In classroom, hall, or on the street;
 They pass me by with dignity,
 There isn't one who smiles at me.

Tall, short and slim, blond and brunette,
 I gaze on all, but you can bet,
 If they are timid, gay, or coy,
 They see me not; I'm a Normal boy.

SENIOR DICTIONARY

A is for Allen.....You'll know her by her curl.
 B is for Bell.....The flag o' success he'll unfurl.
 C is for Clark.....A vamp! That shrug o' shoulder.
 D is for Denham.....She wishes she were older.
 E is for Egans.....Tell all? 'Twould take too long.
 F is for Faulkner.....Tripping like a gay little song.
 G is for Grabhorn.....Over his blonde locks girls sigh.
 H is for Hixson....."Lesson plans." Hear her cry!
 I is for Ingram.....Known for her monotone.
 J is for Jones.....A man! the dance! a groan!
 K is for Kaup.....Frolicking, happy 'nd all!
 L is for Loucks.....A corner on nooks in the hall.
 M is for McCornack.....Her secret goal, to be fat.
 N is for Netter.....Our Jiggs, driven this way and that.
 O is for Oleman.....Over lessons does he grumble?
 P is for Peterson.....On the piano she never does fumble.
 Q is for Questions.....We trust you never will ask.
 R is for Robinson.....By her sparkler she does bask.
 S is for Swenson.....Smart, not very tall.
 T is for Tow.....For Joe she sure did fall.
 U is for Upson.....By her wit she always will go.
 V is for Vaughan.....Whom by his strides we know.
 W is for Williams.....An old friend she will leave.
 X, Y and Z.....Xertion, Youth, and Zeal
 We hope you always will feel.

—E. BERGEN



COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE—A NEW VERSION

If we students find our lessons
Rather hard and dry;
If nobody comes to show us,
Need a body cry?
If our note-book fails to comfort,
Should we stop and sigh?
Ere we say "I cannot get it!"
Ought we not to try?

If a body finds she's growing
Rather plump and fat;
And the teachers give instructions
In regard to that;
Should she diet night and morning,
Starve herself to death,
And roll about upon the floor
Until she's out of breath?

—"Selected"

MEDITATION

Lame, halt, and blind is epithet
Used 'gainst the man who tries to get
Some knowledge in the Normal School.
Men were not thusly classified
In former days when they had tried
To graduate at Normal School.

Was it because a football team
Of brawn and strength and pep and steam
Fought for the Normal School,
And brought home many a victory
From Oregon and O. A. C.
For honor of the Normal School?

When some old boy who'd done his best,
And wore an "N" upon his chest,
As he strode up to Normal School,
Did girls when asked, "Who is that guy?"
Turn up their nose and then reply,
"My gosh! He goes to Normal School!"

Or did they say with gracious smile,
That's Charley Brown. He won the mile
The other day for Normal School."
And if 'twere so that thus he spake,
Men must have said, "It sure is great
To be a man at Normal School."

If this be true—perhaps it may—
We'll wish then for another day
To dawn on our dear Normal School,
When heroes of gridiron and track
Will see our need and 'gain come back
To Oregon State Normal School.

* * * * *

Certainly So

Teacher, after a long lesson on snow: "As we walk out on a cold winter
day and look around, what do we see on every hand?"
Pupils: "Gloves."



FEATS OF THE FACULTY

Mr. Butler: "Mr. Wall, will you please pull the window down over your head?"

President Landers, in Psychology: "Edison concentrated so well that he forgot to go to his own wedding. This is a habit we should all acquire."

Mr. Ostien (in Academic Arithmetic): "What is a furlong?"

Marian Ward: "Isn't it what they give a soldier when they want to go home?"

Miss Moore, in Music Fundamentals: "Will someone please open the window, then we can all throw our out chests."

Mr. Dodds (taking the roll): "Is there anyone sitting in that vacant chair?"

Mr. Gentle: "Sister, if you were teaching school and a boy received 92 in arithmetic and 52 in spelling, would you pass him?"

Daisy Graap: "Well, it depends on the boy."

Mr. Butler: "What is the largest word in the dictionary?"

Emily Bergen: "Rubber, because you can stretch it."

Mr. Ostien: "What is a polygon?"

Hattie Mueller: "A dead parrot."

Miss Mingus: "Browning says, 'The lark's on the wing,' meaning that the world is awaking and the lark is the first bird in the morning."

Gloria Christ: "I thought the rooster was."

Emily Bergen, with one foot over the threshold of room 21 as the roll was being called: "Here!"

Mr. Ostien: "Well, since the biggest part of you is in we will let it stand."

Mr. Dodds: "What causes tides?"

Hazel May Loucks: "The tides are caused by the sun drawing the water out and the moon drawing it in again."

Mr. Butler: "When did Lincoln write his Gettysburg speech?"

Kenneth Wall: "Lincoln wrote the speech while riding from Washington to Gettysburg on an envelope."

Mr. Butler: "When was General Braddock killed?"

Francis Lord: "General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary war. He had three horses shot under him and a fourth went through his clothes."

Mr. Hoppes: "In order to get a good feeble-minded teacher, quite an effort and expense is involved."

Mr. Butler: "Mrs. Dykstra, we will let you answer that; I see something on your lips."

Mr. Savage, at breakfast: "I dreamed that the students left the class which I was teaching." In class that day: "Psychology says that dreams are suppressed desires."

THE JUNIOR HOUSE ALPHABET

A is for Anne and also for Alice,
 B is for Brainerd, the head of our palace;
 C is for Cressie, who teaches in Indep;
 D is for Dinky, our most worthy pet;
 E is for Eleise, who is "Pres." of the house,
 F is for fun when chasing a mouse;
 G is for Gladys, away on a farm;
 H is for Helen, who sets the alarm;
 I is for Inez, who plays on a Euk;
 J is for Junior House, our cozy nook;
 K is for kind which we all try to be;
 L is for Lora, cute, dear, and tiny;
 M is for Mary, Minerva, and Margy,
 Two Marions and Mary, all so jolly;
 N is for Nellie, who plays the piano;
 O is for Oley, who goes with a man, O!
 P is for peanuts, our fat one's chief meat;
 Q is for quiet we have when asleep;
 R is for Ruth, who is stately and tall;
 S is for sunshine, wanted by all;
 T is for Todd, we love beyond measure;
 U is for unity, we all work together;
 V is for Viola, one of our babies;
 W is for Wit, one of our hobbies;
 X(it) the men we have in our lobby;
 Y is for young—we're all under forty!
 Z is for z-z-z-z (snores) heard at ten-thirty.

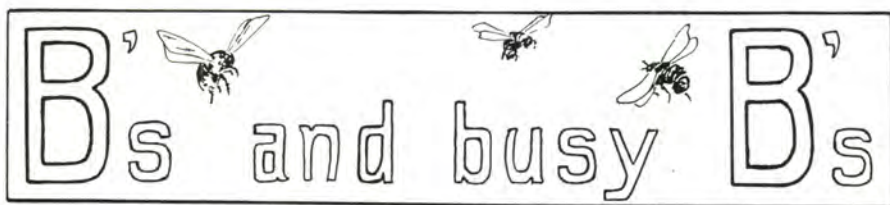
* * * * *

"FAMOUS PHRASES"

Watch the bulletin board.
 Now, stude—ents.
 All right, sister.
 See me in Room 14.
 Don't park your gray matter outside of the gym door.
 How many of the friends are prepared on this question?
 Class—attention!
 Watch your cues and speak more loudly.
 Closing time!
 Motion to adjourn is now in order.

* * * * *

A Normal student thought right,
 A Normal student saw right,
 A Normal student spoke right,
 A Normal student ran right
 Until he left the right for
 The wrong side of the hall.
 What happened?



Refer all Heart and Home Problems to Alice Peterson. She specializes in love, true love and loving hearts. For recommendation see Agnes Christy, Kenneth Wall, Margaret Anderson or Alice Aldrich.

Nell Weinstein, wanting to know how she looked when asleep, stood before the mirror with her eyes closed.

For the thrills to be had from playing "Songs of India" and "Cho-Cho San" in the dark, ask the girls in the dormitory.

The best way to become acquainted at Normal is to be on the clean-up committees. They are so popular?—but oh, so worth-while!

Who can tell why one evening Melba Hattan piled out of bed when the 10:30 bell rang and proceeded to get ready for breakfast? It is said she even had her boots laced. Lesson plans?

Let us beware, girls! Burton Bell has accused us of chewing in a "ruminating" manner.

Not many of the O. N. S. students stop to realize that we have a modern Verona right on the campus. Yes—the path through the grove. If you doubt this just wander by there any beautiful moonlight night and see the modern Romeos strolling each with his particular Juliet.

Why the "Don't Park" sign on the librarian's desk? We have done our best to be friendly here at school but alas, the friendly visits were in the library. A tragedy was due for after happiness comes sorrow. But the geni came! Everett presented the "Don't Park" sign to Miss Macpherson. That urged on all loiterers.

* * * * *

Students were screaming,
Faculty beaming,
Streets were crowded,
Store-keepers shouted,
Dogs were yelping,
Automobiles helping—
All to announce
That the first robin had come.

* * * * *

"Father!" cried little Henry, excitedly, "there is a large black bug on the ceiling."

Henry's father, who is a professor, was busy reading at the time, and he answered without raising his eyes from the book: "Step on it and leave me alone."

THAT'S SCHOOL!

It's get up when you're half awake
And make a dash downstairs;
It's eat your breakfast in a rush,
And grab your books and cares—
That's school.

It's make your pen or pencil fly
To get that last line done;
It's hear a bell and snatch a book,
And off to classes run—
That's school.

It's make a stab at good old math—
As "tootums four are eight";
It's "scrape your brain" for reasons why
That lesson plan is late—
That's school.

It's wildly eye your science book,
And read the headings through,
And guess at all that's in between,
To make your lesson do—
That's school.

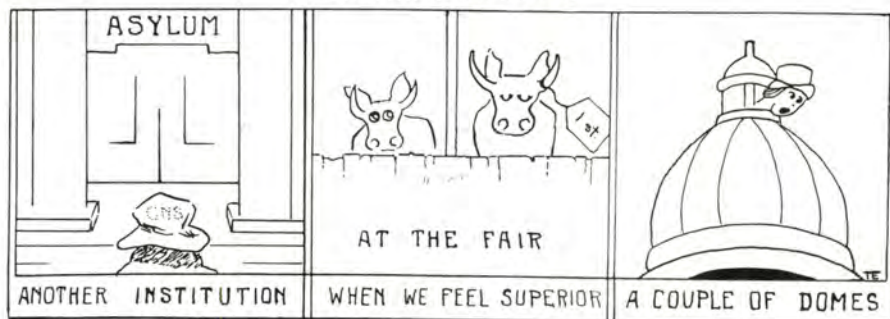
It's "speeding up" from morn till night—
Oh, who will dare deny
That when the closing bell rings loud
It's heave a peaceful sigh—
Yes, that's school!

—Edith Vivian Coleman.

O. N. S. SONG SHOP SPECIALS

Try These on Your "Euk"		
Title	Sung by	Occasion
Oh Promise Me	Anyone in need of an iron	In the laundry
End of a Perfect Day	Any Fair Student	In the Dorm after 8:30 p.m.
How Dry I Am	All of Us	When the water is turned off
When Francis Dances With Me	The Girls	At Social Hour
Homesick	Any Junior	First week of school
Tell Me Why	The Instructors	During exams.
Miserere	Some of Us	When the grades come out
Where Do We Go from Here?	Seniors	After Commencement

OUR TRIPS TO SALEM



HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED—?

Nell Weinstein's knack of asking questions?
 Bert Evans, wit?
 Leona Herring's eyes?
 Miss Moore's "Dear teacher"?
 Alice Aldrich's giggle?
 Shierene Lloyd's and Adeline Blessing's walks?
 Helen Michaelson's "Hello"?
 Mona Bond's sweater letters?
 Margaret Anderson's raven tresses?
 Mr. Gentle's "Oh deah"?
 Ida Mitzner's laugh?
 Roxie Welhousen's dimples?
 Miss Peterson's kindness to all?
 Thelma Eiler's art talent?
 Dorothy Perkins' coiffure?
 Barbara Hixon's Indian yell?
 Muriel La Spronce's friend?
 Margaret Horney's twinkle?
 That astronomy is heavenly work?
 How bobbed hair looks dressed?
 That we have good dances?

AN ODE TO THE BUS DRIVERS

Clarence and Mr. Derby,
 Bus drivers of special renown,
 Bring all the worthy pedagogues
 To noted Monmouth town.

Whatever the time, sunshine or rain,
 They're always there to meet our train;
 Women and girls climb on the bus,
 Wiggle around, just fuss and fuss.
 "What distance to the school from here?"
 A voice rings out, piercingly clear.
 "Do we pay fare on a bus this queer?"
 Expenses are so great; oh dear!"
 Cur'ous questions are asked these men;
 They answer them again and again.
 The town post office the final stop.
 "If I tug this suitcase to the Dorm I'll drop!"

Then there's the bus each day to Indep.
 To carry girls with———or pep,
 Large or slim or fat or tall,
 Clarence knows them one and all;
 Knows the critics with whom they are teaching,
 Knows the moral they are daily preaching,
 Hears criticisms slowly read,
 Sometimes sees student hang her head,
 But usually joy is there instead.
 And on those rides just fun is shed.

But one young maiden has stolen his heart;
 For a chunk of glass his coins depart.
 A bond so strong no force can sever;
 Girls come and go—Clarence stays forever.

—A. K. M.

* * * * *

Persistent Caller: "So her ladyship is not at home again?"

Maid: "No, sir, and what is more, she is really out this time."

* * * * *

"How did you like my gown at the dance last night?"

"You looked simply wonderful—I didn't recognize you for fully fifteen minutes."

* * * * *

'Twas the middle of the ocean,
 Not a taxi was in sight;
 So I took my little aeroplane
 And rode horseback all day that night.

A MAIDEN'S PRAYER

"Oh Lord, I want nothing for myself, but please send mother a son-in-law."
(To be repeated every night upon retiring until proper results are obtained.)

* * * * *

Instructor: "Who casts the votes for president?"

Smart Student: "The Electrical College."

* * * * *

"Your sister isn't coming here this year?"

"No, she is attending a girls' cemetery."

* * * * *

During a discussion on hand-shaking the question arose that it was not at all different to shake hands with a noted person than with a common person.

Alice Smith: "I know I would feel different if I shook hands with Caruso."

Kenneth Wall, remembering some Hallowe'en shivers: "Well, no doubt you would."

* * * * *

Turn failure into victory,
Don't let your courage fade;
And if you get a lemon,
Just make the lemon-aid.

* * * * *

Passenger: "Is it raining, porter?"

Porter, with a grouch: "No, it is raining water."

* * * * *

In talk he is a wonder, But small are his gains;
How loud is the thunder, How little it rains.

* * * * *

A maiden fair
Once bobbed her hair,
Thinking that men she'd bewitch.
Her opinion was wrong,
Now she wishes 'twere long,
So she's switching herself to a switch.

* * * * *

The Senator was back home, looking after his political fences, and asked about some of his old acquaintances.

"How is old Mr. Jones?" he inquired. "Will I be likely to see him today?"

"We will never see Mr. Jones again," said the minister. "Mr. Jones has gone to heaven."

Visitor: "What does the chaplain do here?"

Freshman: "Oh, he gets up in chapel every morning, looks over the student body, and then prays for the college."

* * * * *

The Way of a Maid with a Man

He: "Would you accept a pet monkey?"

She: "Oh, I would have to ask father; this is so sudden."

* * * * *

A Leak Somewhere

Editor: "We can't accept this poem. It isn't verse at all, merely an escape of gas."

Aspiring Poet: "Ah, I see, something wrong in the meter."

* * * * *

Perfectly Frank

"What an awful gash you have on your forehead."

"Oh, next to nothing—next to nothing!"

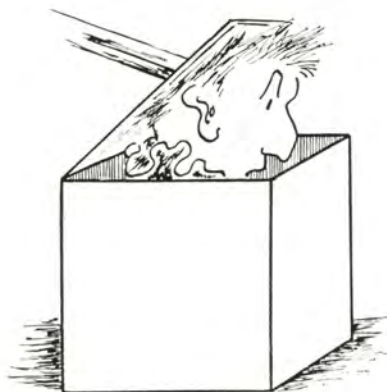
* * * * *

Heard in Chapel

"The men's quartette will practice today after the other girls have finished Glee Club rehearsal."

* * * * *

When ice cream grows on macaroni trees,
And Sahara's sands are muddy,
When dogs and cats wear overshoes;
That's the time I like to study.



STUDENTS!

*For the help that has been given to your
school by the business people here
represented, there appears to be
an effective way to repay
that kindness — with
grateful patronage*

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

The attainment of sup-
plying your needs is the
attainment of our success

Pember & Snell
Mercantile Co.

Monmouth's Largest and
Most Complete Store

Dry Goods, Furnishings, Shoes, Groceries

Shoe and Repair Shop

Tennis Shoes Hi-Tops
Full Line of Rubbers
Shoe Findings
Repairing Neatly Done

CHAS. ATWATER
Prop.

Monmouth - - - Oregon

GLENN D. WHITEAKER

Electrical Contractor

Fixtures and Supplies

MONMOUTH - - OREGON

Inez Clark: "Did you take chloroform?"

Marian Jenkins: "No, who teaches it?"

* * * * *

Merty Miles: "I don't know how often Robert kissed me."

Dorothy Busick: "What! and the thing going on right under your nose!"

Tires

Tubes

Star Cars

Accessories

Service

Graham & Calbreath

MONMOUTH

Phone 2003

Monmouth

Monmouth Normal Book Store

Stationery and Magazines
Ice Cream, Soft Drinks and
Confectionery

MONMOUTH, ORE.

See us for light housekeeping
rooms

Dr. B. H. Butler

Dentist

MONMOUTH

Post Office Block

A. M. ARANT

Fire Insurance and
Surety Bonds

MONMOUTH LUMBER YARD

Lumber and Wood
L. W. Waller, Manager

Orrell Powell: "I nearly died of laughter last night."

Thyra Staats: "Which one of your jokes did you tell?"

* * * * *

Kenneth Wall: "Gee, but I had a funny dream last night."

Francis Lord: "I know, I saw you with her."

Bank Your Expense Money With—

First National Bank of Monmouth

Capital\$30,000

Surplus\$24,000

Accounts received subject to check and interest paid on time deposits

J. B. V. BUTLER, Chairman of Board

IRA C. POWELL, President

F. E. CHAMBERS, Cashier

CLARES C. POWELL, Assistant Cashier

G.T. BOOTHBY

Real Estate

Monmouth,
Oregon



**WEBBER'S
GARAGE**

Repairing a
Specialty

Monmouth

Concealed Iniquity

Small Boy: "What's the use of washing my hands before I go to school, mother? I'm not one of those who are always raising them."

WEDEKIND'S
The 10c-15c-20c Variety Store

Hair Nets, Silk Hose, Notions, etc.

Plain and Fancy Dishes

Cleaning and Pressing

MONMOUTH

OREGON

Gunn: "Is there any other fellow that looks like you?"

Swett: "Well, there's Harold Lloyd, he's a good looking fellow."

DELIVERY AT ALL HOURS

PHONE 1602

C. C. Mulkey & Son
Groceries and Provisions

We Endeavor to Please

MONMOUTH

OREGON

"Sign of the Rose" Tea Shop and Bakery

Candy—Pastries
Fresh Every Day

TRY OUR LUNCHES

Monmouth - - - Oregon

MONMOUTH Meat Market

J. B. HILL & SON
Proprietors

Courteous Treatment to All

All Kinds of
Fresh and Cured Meats

Ruth Henderson: "The man I marry must have common sense."

Dena Johannis: "He won't."

* * * * *

Esther Sanderson: "What makes this water so warm?"

Barb. Hixon: "I guess it's been running."

Monmouth—A City of Homes
A good town to live in

The Monmouth Herald

RICHARD B. SWENSON
Editor and Publisher

Some folks say they can't keep house without it. It might be worth its subscription price to you. Why not try it? \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 six months.

The Herald Print Shop

Does Good Job Printing
at Reasonable Prices

MONMOUTH Hardware Company

We Carry a Full Line of
Farm Implements and Household
Equipment

We believe that the
best is none too good

Satisfaction Guaranteed

J. E. WINEGAR, Proprietor

We Are Specialists for Students' Needs

We are constantly trying to make MILLER'S the bright spot where you can always find a complete variety of the ever-changing new things so appealing to the Normal girl.

Our eight-store co-operative buying enables us to bring to you a well assorted stock of staple dry goods, notions and shoes at prices considerably less than those you are accustomed to pay. Our Salem store shows the largest stock of cloaks, suits, dresses, blouses, lingerie, shoes, etc., to be found outside of Portland.

Miller Mercantile Co.

Monmouth
Salem

McMinnville
Corvallis

Newberg
Sheridan

Dayton
Yamhill

Dangerous Diet

Landlady, knocking at bedroom door: "Eight o'clock! Eight o'clock!"
Frosh, sleepily: "Did you? Better call a doctor."

Perkins Pharmacy

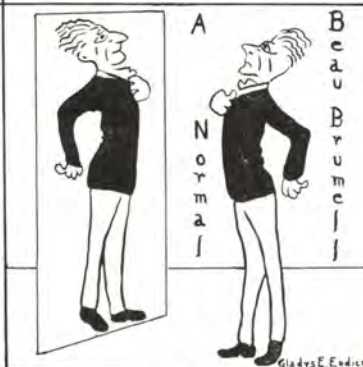
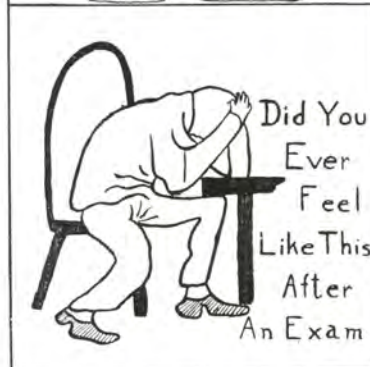
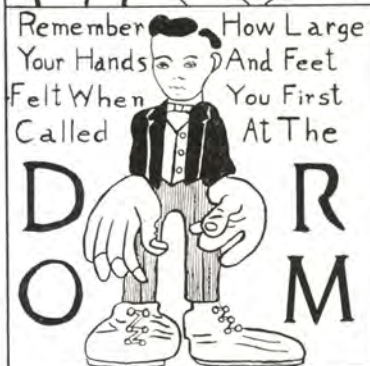
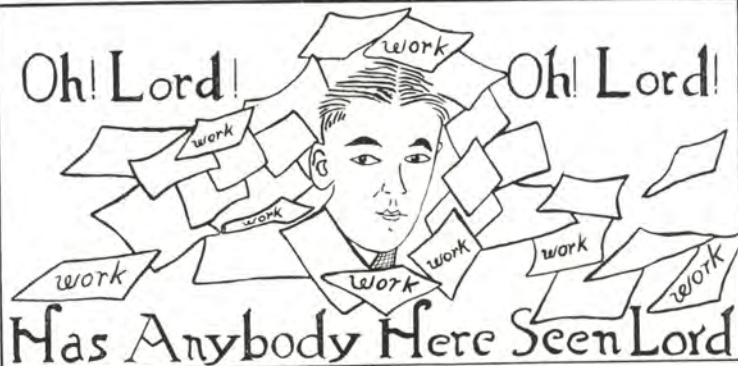
Anything in the Drug Line

If we haven't got it, we'll get it

ASK US

MONMOUTH

OREGON



School Books and Supplies

* * * * *

Tennis and Baseball Equipment

* * * * *

Kodak Finishing

Films in at 6 p. m. today, out at 8 a. m. tomorrow

* * * * *

MORLAN AND SON

Monmouth's Largest and Most Complete
Confectionery and Book Store

INSURED CARRIER

COURTEOUS TREATMENT

Every
One
Knows



The
Bus
Man

C. B. GRUND, Driver

R. E. DERBY, Owner

Student Philosophy

"Sedentary work," said a college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," butted in the smart student, "the more one sits the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the lecturer, "and if one lies a great deal one's standing is lost completely."

* * * * *

Figure Out for Yourself

Dumb: "Does my hair look all right?"

Bell: "Yes, naturally."

Dr. Maurice J. Butler

Dentist

Cooper Building, Independence
Entrance on "C" Street

Lady Assistant

MANY YOUNG PEOPLE

Who open savings accounts fall by the wayside. It is no special advantage to a young man to open a savings account if he withdraws and spends his money the first opportunity or temptation that offers. But faithfully preserved and religiously added to, it can in time be built up to a place where it will be a splendid accomplishment. Let us help you.

FARMERS STATE BANK

Independence, Oregon

Our Motto: "Cleanliness"

Quality, Only the Finest

Buy Your Meats at

City Meat Market

INDEPENDENCE - - - OREGON

P. R. Alexander

Fancy and Staple
Groceries

WE AIM TO PLEASE

Independence - - Oregon

FINE STATIONERY

REXALL REMEDIES

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

Williams Drug Co.

Independence, Ore.

Gladys Malmsten: "Is Mr. Ostien coming this morning?"

Ruth Henderson: "Dunno."

Gladys: "Wish he'd come, I've got my arithmetic."

Ruth: "Where did you get it?"

The Independence National Bank

Independence, Oregon

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$65,000.00

Officers and Directors

H. Hirschberg President

C. A. McLaughlin..... Vice-President

T. D. Mix Cashier

H. H. Walker

Otis D. Butler

D. W. Sears

4% Paid on Savings Deposits

NeedlecraftShop

HEMSTITCHING

STAMPED GOODS

D. M. C. THREAD

Phone 4321

Independence - - Oregon

Let us adjust your glasses,
replace your broken lenses,
or fit you with a better pair

O. A. Kreamer

Independence - - Oregon

CLEANING AND PRESSING
MADE-TO-MEASURE SUITS

Fit and Satisfaction
Mending and Altering

M. J. Bullock

Independence - - Oregon

TRY US

Craven & Walker

Independence

Books Stationery
School Supplies
Candy Ice Cream
Eastman Kodaks

J. G. McIntosh
"C" Street Grocery

Phone Main 2511

Fancy and Staple Groceries
Independence, Oregon

**Independence
Bakery and
Restaurant**

Golden Krust Bread

Smith & Son, Props.

Bess Hattan (to pupils at Eola): "Give me a current event, George."

George: "My mother had an awful fall last night."

Bess: "That is too bad. Tell us about it."

George: "She fell asleep about eight o'clock."

Kullander's Jewelry Store

Watch, Glasses, and Jewelry Repairing

A. L. KULLANDER, Jeweler

Independence, Oregon

Eddy & Carbray

Independence, Oregon

Everything in Dry Goods

Standard Patterns

Isis Theatre

Independence, Oregon

WE TRY AT ALL TIMES TO GET THE
BEST OF PICTURES

Independence Steam Laundry

Steam Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing

Conrad Strafin

Chemist and Pharmacist

The Rexall Store

Dallas - - - - Oregon

Graduation Gifts

Gifts of Jewelry are truly
gifts of sentiment
"Gifts that Last"

Wm. C. Retzer

Dallas - - - - Oregon

Ladd & Bush

Bankers

Established 1868

CAPITAL, \$500,000.00

Commercial and Savings

SALEM

OREGON

We are interested in whatever
you are interested in

Visit Our Big Store

On Commercial St.

You are assured of satisfaction
when you buy Dry Goods or
Ready-to-Wear Apparel at our
store.



Commercial St. Salem, Oregon

Save Your Eyes



Morris Optical Co.

204-11 Bank of Commerce Bldg.

Oregon's Largest, Best Equipped
Optical Institution

Salem, Oregon

Teacher: "Were you born in Ireland?"

Netter: "Yes."

Teacher: "What part?"

Netter: "Why, all of me!"

BISHOP'S

Clothing and Furnishing Headquarters for Men
and Young Men of the Willamette Valley

EVER increasing patronage, from well-dressed men and young men in
the Willamette Valley, attests to our ability to serve YOU from
immense stocks of quality merchandise—always at reasonable prices.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothing
Mallory and Stetson Hats

Pendleton Blankets
Haberdashery—Shoes

We Specialize on Oregon Made Woolens

136 N. Commercial St.

Salem, Oregon

Dr. Burdette

Dr. Wonner

EYES EXAMINED

The BOW OPTICAL Co.

Opposite Ladd & Bush Bank

GLASSES FITTED

325 State St.

Salem

Buster Brown Shoe Store

125 No. Commercial

Salem, Oregon

FOOTWEAR OF FASHION

Mail orders carefully filled

Voice: "Hello, is this the weather bureau?"

Answer: "Uh, huh!"

Voice: "How about a shower this afternoon?"

Answer: "I dunno; if you need one, take it."

Kafoury Bros.

WOMEN'S SUITS—DRESSES
CAPES, COATS and DRY GOODS

Salem Store
466 State St.

Portland Silk Shop
383 Alder St.

The Commercial Book Store

Books, Stationery and Office Supplies

EASTMAN KODAKS

163 N. Commercial St.

Salem, Oregon

Students

A Cordial Welcome Awaits You
AT

The Spa

We Specialize in
Home-made Candies and
Ice Creams

Fine Restaurant Service

382 State St. Salem, Oregon

WEAR

Walk-Over
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SHOES

For Economy, Comfort, Style

You can be correctly fitted
as hundreds have.



JOHN J.
ROTTLE



167 N. Commercial St. Salem

Ruth Nixon: "I adore blonde men."

Bert Evans: "I'm so fussed."

* * * * *

Everett Evans: "Do you sing 'Forever and Forever'?"

Ruth: "No, I stop for meals."

The Home Store, Your Store

While this store is a unit of a great nation-wide system of 371 busy, popular department stores, providing more than a million people with their personal and home needs, it primarily is your store, for it goes to the greatest length to serve you.

Not only fresh, reliable goods are offered you from day to day, but such goods as better fulfill the needs and requirements of the people of this community. Your individual needs are anticipated in a surprisingly thorough way. Footwear and wear of every kind at prices you feel it is right to pay.

J. C. Penney Co.

160 North Liberty St.

Salem, Oregon

Royal Cafeteria

'Nuf Sed

J. McGilchrist A. B. McKillop
Salem, Oregon

Salem Elite

Hemstitching, Pleating
Stamping and Needlework

32 Oregon Bldg.
Salem - - - - Oregon

P. D. QUISENBERRY

A. T. WOOLPERT

Central Pharmacy

The Drug Store Complete

410 State Street

Phone 276

Salem, Oregon

Hank: "Fred, what have you been doing in the library so long?"

Fred: "I've been helping Bert; he's taking observation."

U. G. Shipley Co.

Outfitters to Women, Misses and Children

READY TO WEAR

Adopt our pay as you go plan and your success is assured

245-247 N. Liberty St.

Salem, Oregon

GRAY BELLE

Salem's Popular Eating House

CANDIES AND ICE CREAMS

Stop and dine with us

State St.

Salem



The Fisk Teachers Ag'ncy

The House for
Educational
Information

409-11 Journal Bldg.
Portland, Ore.

Oregon Photo Supply Co.

Send your films here
Buy your films here

Complete Eastman Line

Ask for Free Catalog

P. O. Box 641 Portland, Ore.

Unintentional

Joe: "Sweets to the sweet."

Sephine: "Oh, thank you; may I pass you the nuts?"

The A. H. Andrews Company

Originators and Manufacturers of Guaranteed School Supplies

Established 1865

Manufacturers of School Desks, Teachers' Desks and Chairs, Opera and Assembly Chairs, Folding Chairs, Blackboards, Heating and Ventilating Systems, Crayon, Erasers, Tower Bells, Window Shades, Window Guards, Maps, Globes, Charts, Domestic Science and Manual Training Equipment, and in fact

Everything for Schools, Theatres and Churches

Write for catalogs and let us submit prices on your list of requirements.

The A. H. Andrews Company

45 Fourth St.

Portland, Oregon

The Engraving

FOR THE GRADUATING CLASS OF
THE OREGON NORMAL SCHOOL
WAS DONE IN OUR SHOP THRU
MORLAN & SON OF MONMOUTH

ENGRAVING OF DISTINCTION

The J. K. Gill Co.

PORTLAND, OREGON

Madame Lucie Valair



Director
of
Valair
Conserva-
toire de
Musique
et Art
Dramatique

Madame Valair is entering upon her ninth year of operatic and concert career. Her curriculum embraces the finest principles for voice-placing, breathing, bodily poise and grace, interpretation repertoire, and shows how stage-fright is caused by ignorance; also how singing is coupled with acting.

Private and class lessons to beginners and advanced students. For terms address

234 10th St., Portland, Ore.

We thank the students of
Oregon Normal School for
their patronage and invite
one and all to make the

Multnomah Hotel

their headquarters when
in Portland.

R. W. PRICE, Mgr.

Fuzz: "Bob, why don't you try out for oratory?"

Bob: "Do you think I ought to? Say, I wonder what the girls think about it."

The Quality Store of Portland

Largest Distributors of Merchandise at Retail in the Northwest

"The Store that Saves and Serves"





D
U
K
H
E
R
O



Jane

We make
our
own!



Oh, stay! Delphian Pep

One of the
State Institutions



"Stumbling"



And it happened at AMS

Wonderful
Shoes for.....**\$5.00**

Sterling Shoe Co.
112 Fourth St. Portland, Oregon

ONE WAY

To secure the newest and the best—at a minimum cost to you—is to make known your wants to this great store.
Our mail-order department is equipped to care for all such wants—to guarantee you satisfaction in anything you might order of this store by mail or phone.

Lipman, Wolfe & Co.
PORTLAND OREGON

"What are you doing in the kitchen, Thomas?" inquired the inquisitive wife.
"I am opening a can of tomatoes, if you particularly wish to know," he impatiently rejoined.

"And what are you opening it with?"

"Why, a can opener. Did you think I was using my teeth?" he added savagely.

"Oh, no, dear," she sweetly replied, "I know you are not opening it with a prayer."

J. O. BROWN

Photographer

384 State St.
Salem

FLASHLIGHT
ENLARGEMENTS
PORTRAITS
COPIES

HOME PORTRAITS
KODAK FINISHING
GENERAL VIEWS
PANORAMAS

YATES-FISHER TEACHERS' AGENCY

Free Enrollment

Member National Association of Teachers' Agencies

Broadway Building
Portland, Oregon

We are having hundreds of calls for teachers from all over the United States, Alaska and the Islands. Call or write us today. JOHN D. STOUT, Mgr.

Oregon-Washington Teachers' Agency

Our agency is local, useful, reliable, therefore more thoroughly worked. We help teachers, superintendents, school boards. We report only facts to teachers and to employers.

217 Abington Building

Portland, Oregon

COMPLIMENTS OF

T. B. SHORT
PORTLAND OREGON

Can't Be Done

Stage Manager: "Ready! Run up the curtain!"

New Stagehand: "Watch'a talkin' about, think I'm a bloomin' squirrel?"

In Student Body Meeting

Burton Bell: "I shall appoint a committee and post them on the bulletin board."

"Willie, what did you study in school today?"

"We had two films of history and one reel of geography."

G. F. Johnson Piano Company

Pianos of Quality

MUSICAL SUPPLIES, ETC.

149 6th Street

Portland, Oregon



ACID BLAST ETCHED PLATES

*—We have the—
only ACID BLAST
machines in the
State of Oregon*

**HICKS - CHATTEN
ENGRAVING
COMPANY**

45 FOURTH ST
PORTLAND, — ORE

**"The Store That Undersells
Because it Sells for Cash"**

Prudent men and women are those who take advantage of the economies made possible by this store's cash buying and selling policy.

Roberts Bros.

Here you will find at all times trustworthy, seasonable merchandise for the home and person. Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Knit Underwear, Shoes, Ready-to-wear, Fancy Goods.

M. Seller & Co.

Portland

FURNISHERS

Complete dining room and kitchen equipment — for schools, hotels, restaurants, etc.

Estimates and Plans
Furnished

Ruth: "I think you are getting a little deaf in your right ear."

Freddie: "Yes, you have been deaf in both of them but you didn't know it."

Students

When going home or elsewhere, think of the convenience in traveling by auto stage.

Parker Stage Lines

Stages to all parts of the Willamette Valley

SPECIALS FOR STUDENTS

KOKE-TIFFANY CO.
PRINTERS
EUGENE OREGON

*God's own great plan, the Book of Life,
Contained a chapter, now disclosed—
That chapter known, this man-made book
Perhaps in future years may mem'ries grow.*

*The end of pleasant days has come,
Equipped with sturdy heart, we go!
Before the final page be turned
A word of thanks we'll have those know—*

*Who gladly helped with word and deed,
Have led and counselled, cheered always—
And who with hearty zest have striven
The record of these days to show.*

—The Norm Staff

